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The Sketch

No. 1355.—Vol. CV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



THE BABY M.C.: MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS HE WAS AT THE STAGE BALL.

Mr. Robey, who has just been made a C.B.E. for the splendid and extremely arduous work he has done during the war as an organiser of charity performances, was one of the most popular figures at the Stage Ball. He was M.C.; and, in addition, he made a most successful

appearance as a baby girl, to the delight of the onlookers. For one night only—the following night—he repeated the character in "The Bing Boys," in the last act, when it proved equally popular and mirth-provoking.—[Photograph by E. P. Kinsella.]



BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

With Regard
to Ruts.

A man going through life is like a traveller along a road which has deep ruts to right and left. The crown of the road, as motorists call the centre, is rather rough; but the ruts are smooth. "Now," says he to himself, "why shouldn't I step aside into one of those ruts? The going would be all the easier, and I need not pick my way. The rut itself would guide me."

So down he hops, and presently feels considerable pity for the fellows who stick to the crown of the road. But, as mile follows mile, he discovers that the rut becomes deeper and deeper. What will be the end of it? Will it swallow him, shoulders, head, and all? Shall he extricate himself while there is yet time? He considers the problem for another mile, and then decides to remain in the rut a little longer. In the end, of course, he grows so attached to the rut that it would break his heart to leave it.

There is a good deal to be said, no doubt, for ruts. They are smoother; they do save thought and trouble; they are more secure. But the man who sticks to the crown of the road has some advantages too. He can see further; he has a wider knowledge of what is going on in the world; moreover, should the road pass under the Tree of Golden Fruit, he is a good deal nearer to the branches. He sees the tree a long way off, and is ready for it. The man in the rut may never see it at all.

The war forced a lot of men out of their ruts, and it seems a pity that they should drop back into them without a struggle.

The Value of Change. I cannot help thinking that the people who are always ready for a new adventure get more out of life than those who take no risks. Routine has its points, and routine work must be done. But how swiftly life slips away when one is doing the same thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year. If you measure life by the number of your emotions, or excitements, or interests, a man who dies at fifty may well have lived twice as long as the man who reaches four-score or a hundred.

Quite apart from personal considerations, however, I believe that the man who is constantly on the move may be of more value to the community than the man who dreads all idea of change. The world must progress unless it is to go back, and the world cannot progress without new ideas and fruitful soil for new ideas. Now, the man of fixed habit is notoriously hostile to new ideas. He earnestly desires that everything shall go on in the same old way. He does not perceive, until too late, that the same old way is a blind alley. You cannot afford to continue along a road that ends in a brick wall.

A flower that is constantly pulled up by the roots will not flourish; that is true enough. But a man is not a flower. Still less, I feel sure you will admit, is he a cabbage.

The Forgotten
Kaiser.

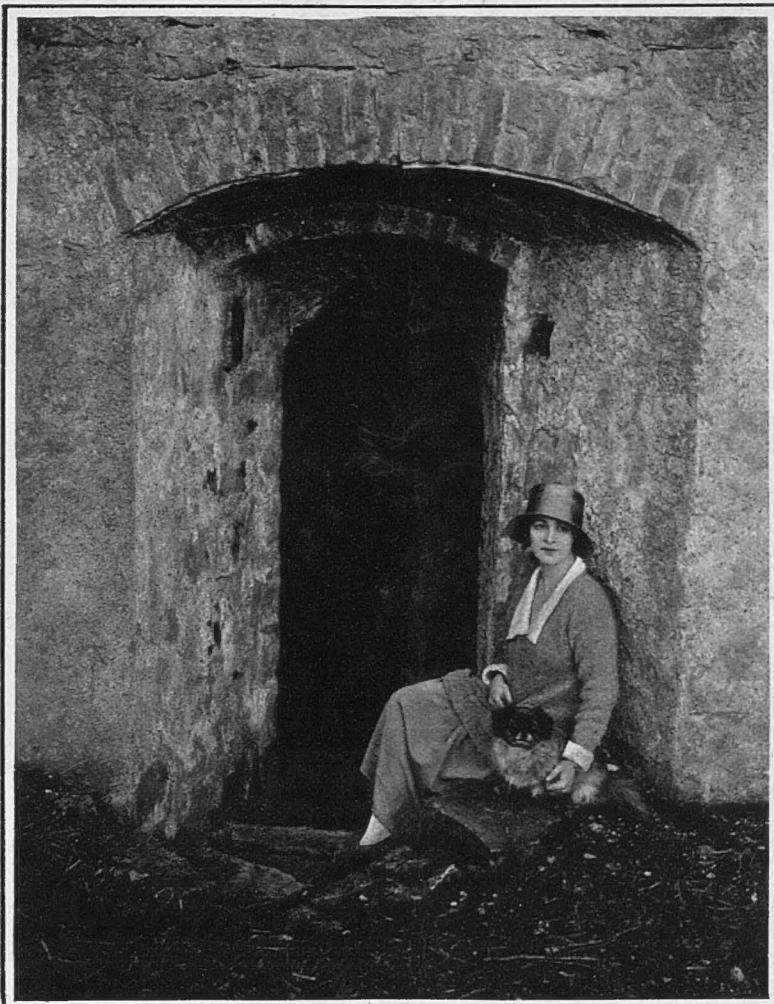
The papers are striving nobly to keep up the interest of the public in the Kaiser. The *Daily Telegraph* had a column article on the Kaiser's Christmas. The writer described the Christmas-tree, and the presents, and the religious services, and all the rest.

By the time we have reached the end of the Peace Conference the Kaiser will have been forgotten—which, so far as he cares, is the same thing as being forgiven. I foresaw this immediately after the Armistice, and wrote as much in these Notes; but only a Jaques will take notice of a man clad in motley. Jaques, having lived in the forest, saw beneath the outer crust of things.

The Kaiser will probably get off scot-free. The bitter rage of the people against the child-murderer has died down. The Kaiser reckoned on that. He is no fool when it comes to saving his own skin.

He argued with himself that the public memory is short. Many a public man has consoled himself with the same argument, and has been justified of his consolation.

How interesting—and even amusing—life would be if one could sit apart, like Jaques, and watch the turn-and-turn of events that go to make history. But, an you are worth bread-and-cheese, you cannot do that.



A CHARMING AMERICAN PEERESS—AND HER DOG: LADY DECIES.

Lady Decies is one of the beautiful peeresses whom we owe to America. Before her marriage to the fifth Baron Decies, in 1911, she was very popular in New York Society as Miss Vivien Gould, daughter of the late Mr. George Jay Gould, the famous millionaire. Lady Decies is a great lover of toy dogs.—[Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.]

Jaques had his little pose, and enjoyed it. But he did not remain in the Forest of Arden. He went back into the thick of things, and used his bitter tongue, I warrant, with good effect on the slackers and charlatans. Would that he were alive and talking at this moment!

I wonder how he would fare in English public life? What would the Censor make of him? What would those who have most to fear from shrewd and fearless criticism make of him? Would he have the support of the rich and the powerful, or would he be quietly and carefully snuffed out of existence? England is a free country. So long as a man keeps the laws, he is at liberty to say

and do what he pleases. Yet Jaques dropped early from out the play of the wily Shakespeare.

Shakespeare revelled in Jaques, but Shakespeare revelled even more in "success" and patronage. In those days, it was the fashion for men of letters to have powerful patrons. "The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end"—so wrote the world's greatest writer to the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield. Followed "Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis." Why did not Shakespeare place that dedicatory letter in the hands of Jaques? Then we might have had a speech a million times better, and truer, and worthier than the pot-boiling "Seven Ages of Man," knocked off in an idle moment, and dropped into the first piece that came handy.

Jaques might be crucified to-day; but Shakespeare? Never.

LONDON IN FANCY DRESS: THE NIGHT OF THE STAGE BALL.



FANCY DRESS, UNIFORM, OR POUDRE: PART OF THE BIG CROWD OF DANCERS AT THE ALBERT HALL
WATCHING THE PAGEANT OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.



PAGEANTRY IN A LONDON 'BUS: THE "CHU CHIN CHOW" CONTINGENT LEAVING HIS MAJESTY'S FOR THE ALBERT HALL.

The Stage Ball at the Albert Hall last Wednesday in aid of Sir Arthur Pearson's Fund for the children of Blinded Soldiers was as big a success as everybody knew it would be. The number of people present was something like 5000, in a bewildering variety of costume—fancy dress, uniform, or *poudre*, according to regulation. The great feature

of the evening was the Pageant of Plays and Players, directed by Mr. James B. Fagan, to which all the leading theatres sent representative contingents by various conveyances, including a 'bus and a pantechnicon. The pageant moved in procession across a stage at the end of the hall.—[Photographs by Farringdon Photo. Co. and the 'Daily Mail.']



The Somersets in Town.

Grosvenor Square. They had just arrived from Maiden Bradley, and are going to spend some time in town. To each other they are "Algie" and "Susie," and they not only thoroughly enjoy life themselves, but delight in giving pleasure to others. Hearty, genial and handsome, the Duke is an ideal host; while the Duchess is goodness itself. Speaking of his predecessors, who lived so much away from the title, the Duke once said that they could not take away his future; so he and the Duchess would not lament over what was lost, but enjoy what they had. And this has been the rôle of their existence. The Duke is herculean in frame, a man of enormous strength.



MADAM, WILL YOU JAZZ?

"The Jazz Roll demands advanced acrobatic talent for its proper performance."—*Daily Paper*.

Rifles (Sir Claude de Crespigny) tells a story apropos of this. A hulking tramp was beating his wife when the then young Green Jacket peremptorily ordered him to desist. The man was insolent, and proceeding to attack his wife's champion, when the Duke gave the man what Sir Claude describes as one of the soundest thrashings he ever saw administered by ordinarily a non-fighting man; and nobody is more competent to speak on the subject than this well-known sporting Baronet. The Duke is devoted to sport and country life, is a fine four-in-hand man, and has shot big game in most parts of the world.

An Operation. I am very sorry that the Countess of Lisburne has been one of the victims of appendicitis, which is not the fashionable days of good King Edward. She has undergone an operation, and,

There is no pleasanter couple in the Peerage than the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.

Last week I saw them getting out of a cab in

the Peerage.

They not only thoroughly enjoy life themselves, but delight in giving pleasure to others. Hearty, genial and handsome, the Duke is an ideal host; while the Duchess is goodness itself. Speaking of his predecessors, who lived so much away from the title, the Duke once said that they could not take away his future; so he and the Duchess would not lament over what was lost, but enjoy what they had. And this has been the rôle of their existence. The Duke is herculean in frame, a man of enormous strength.

Sporting. Though not a distinguished all-round athlete, like Lord Desborough, the Duke of Somerset has unquestionable qualifications for his office. An old brother-officer of the 60th

Don Julio de Bittencourt, who, without being a diplomat, is attached to the Chilean Legation. Mme. de Bittencourt is a prepossessing woman of the dark, South American type, and is a notable hostess at her house in Queen's Gate. Lord Lisburne has two seats in Wales, Crosswood and Birchgrove, and has had no town house. He is the seventh Earl of his line, which is an Irish title, but is in the Welsh Guards. His father, as the first Viscount, was M.P. for Cardiganshire, and it was the fourth Viscount who received the step in rank, being given an earldom.



PLANNING TO MAKE US ALL FLY: MR. G. HOLT THOMAS, OF THE AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURING CO., A PIONEER OF AERIAL TRANSPORT.

Photograph by C.N.

A Friend of "Tommy."

I saw the breeziest of "Privates" before he left England on a visit to the English Army in Germany. He has, during the war, been out with the boys on several occasions before, but was

looking forward to this German visit with particular interest. "I have seen our men enduring every conceivable hardship," he said; "now I want to see how they can endure the ordeal of victory."

"Strong and gentle" are the two adjectives that best describe the Most Rev. Randall Davidson. Even with those to whom he is in the strongest opposition he is most popular, and his geniality of manner and sunny disposition endear him to everyone with

whom he comes into contact. His personality is most charming, and he has been described by one of his clergy as "the most 'human' Bishop that ever lived"—a phrase that very aptly sums him up. It was his breadth of view and his deep learning that first brought him prominently under the notice of the late Queen Victoria, and he remained her favourite preacher and adviser to the day of her death. Some years ago, when he was Bishop of Rochester, he was about to appoint a man to some minor office in his domestic establishment, but one of his chaplains ventured to raise a protest.

"What is the matter with the man?" asked Dr. Davidson, in some surprise. "Well, he is a Dissenter," said the other. "Dear, dear, how dreadful!" cried the



THOSE FOURTEEN PINTS!

John: "I yearnd say as this 'ere President Wilson has put down fourteen pints —"

William (interrupting): "Which bears out what I be often saying, as there bain't much strength in the Government beer."—*Daily Paper*.

Bishop. "And does he eat his victims raw, or cook them first?" Needless to say, the man got the job.

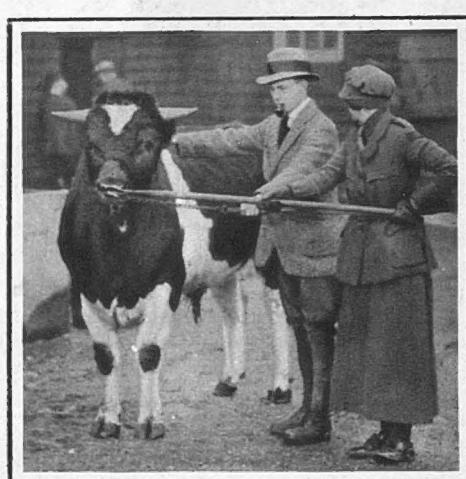
A Pretty Wit.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the few men who have reached the Primacy without ever having held a benefice, his only experience of parish work being a brief spell as curate at Dartford. As he always has said, he owes his career largely to lucky friendship and marriage—friendship with Crawford Tait, son of Queen Victoria's favourite Archbishop, and marriage with his



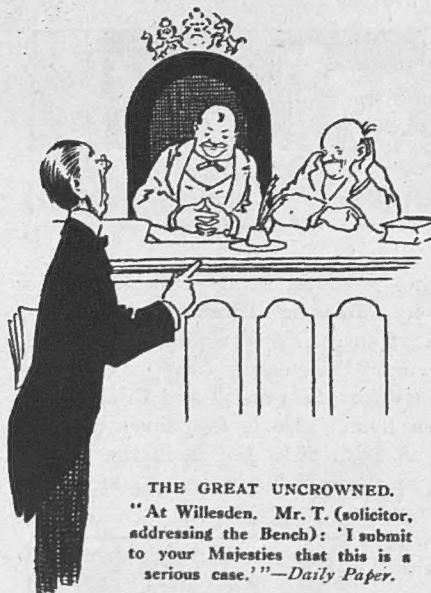
DOWN DUSTERS!

"Housemaids, parlourmaids, and other domestic servants are to enter the ranks of the trade unionists, so that the 'Down Dusters' strike may yet become a reality."—*Daily Paper*.



AT SILVER BADGE FARM: CAPTAIN SANDERSON SHOWING HOW TO HANDLE A BULL.

At Silver Badge Farm, Warley Lea, Brentwood, run by the War Pensions Committee, fifty discharged soldiers are to be trained in land work.—[Photograph by Sport and General]



THE GREAT UNCROWNED.
"At Willesden. Mr. T. (solicitor, addressing the Bench): 'I submit to your Majesties that this is a serious case.'—*Daily Paper*.

number of clergy were adjourning for luncheon after an ecclesiastical function, the Canon remarked unctuously: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." "Now," retorted his Grace, quick as lightning, "to put a bit between my teeth."



TO MARRY LIEUT. E. R. C. SCHOLEFIELD, R.A.F., ON THE 15TH: MISS DOROTHY H. SEYMORE.

Miss Seymour is a daughter of Mr. C. R. Seymour, of Winchester, where the wedding is to be. Lieut. Scholefield has been a prisoner of war in Germany for over three years.

Photograph by Bassano.

apparition at a Peace Conference. Lord Dunraven acquired a certain amount of notoriety some years ago as the winner of the Kaiser's cup, which he won with his fine yacht *Cariad*. Although he is best known to the general public as a yachtsman, he has achieved fame as a soldier, author, politician, war correspondent, and sportsman. In his younger days he even went in for theatrical enterprise, but his success in this direction was unfortunately not equal to his enthusiasm. In those days Lord Dunraven was known as Lord Adare, and it is said that when the late H. J. Byron was asking for a title for one of his Lordship's productions, he replied, "Oh, call it 'Robin' Adare."

Lord Milner and a Well-Earned Rest.

when I saw him at the War Office last week. "I hope to get the demobilisation business straightened out, and then I shall finish. I think the time has come when I am entitled to a little rest." Lord Milner has excited hatreds and vigorous affections as enduring as any man of his time. He does what he can to promote thoroughness and efficiency in those departments of the national life with which he comes into touch, and they are not few or unimportant. For all time

friend's sister. He enjoys, too, the rare distinction of being Archbishop and Knight, in connection with which fact the following story is told. Not long ago, when his Grace was opening a Chess Congress, he delighted the audience by saying that, although he could not claim to be a good player, he had a great deal to do with Kings and Queens, had lived in two castles, and was the only man living who was both Bishop and Knight. That the Archbishop has a very pretty wit is also proved by another story.

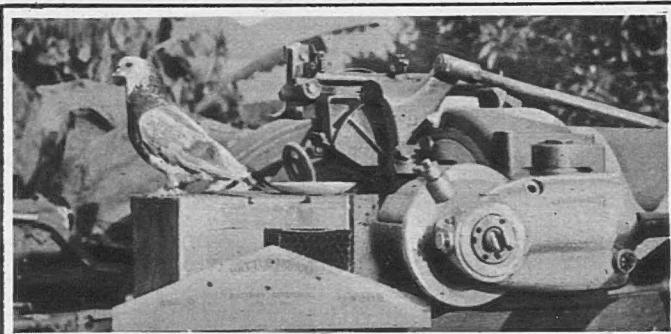
When he and a



RICHMOND GEMS.

"The famous Richmond 'Maids of Honour,' the making of which was suspended during the war, will soon be on sale again."—*Daily Paper*.

like a Princess," was the ready answer of the courtier-like musician. Princess Henry of Battenberg then played a morceau, and in her turn invited his verdict. It was promptly given. "Madam, you play like an artist!"



BROUGHT UP BY THE BATTERY, AND GASSED: A WOOD PIGEON ON A BRITISH GUN IN ITALY.

As a chick the wood pigeon was blown out of a nest and fell at the feet of one of our gunners, who adopted it. It has been through several fights and has been gassed.—[Official Photograph.]

rode on to the parade ground rent with the cheers of the mighty mass of human beings who anxiously awaited the approving look which told them that he was satisfied. When he testified approval, the soldiers answered: "We rejoice, father; but we will try and do better next time." A very good motto for the present.

A Democratic Taste.

When I knew the Tsar he had a very democratic taste in cigars. A General on his Staff told me that Nicholas II. was intensely fond of green cigars—the cheapest obtainable in the Russian Empire. Similarly, many Frenchmen of wealth and position prefer the commonest "Caporal" cigarettes to the most costly products of Turkey and Egypt.

THE WORLDLING.

Lord Milner's name will evoke controversy as to the South African War. What it should also evoke is admiration for the masterly work of reconstruction carried out by him after the war, which started South Africa on lines of agricultural development, to the enduring value of which General Botha and his colleagues have more than once borne testimony. Lord Milner's part in the making of modern Egypt is better known than are his views on social reform in these islands.

The Master's Verdict.

I hear that Princess Beatrice is going to Bournemouth on the first of next month to open the annexe of the Russell Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.



LEADING LADY IN "EYES OF YOUTH": MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON).

Photograph by Claude Harris.

"Princess Beatrice," as her friends still call her, is one of the most talented of the Royal Family. She paints well, both in oils and water-colours, is a good reciter, and clever amateur actress. And she is a finished musician, plays the piano extremely well, and has written songs and ballads. A story is told that during the lifetime of Queen Victoria a famous musician was commanded to Windsor Castle. Another Princess—who must be nameless—performed a piece of music, and asked the Master's opinion. "Madam, you play like an artist!"

A Tsar Rumour. I hear on the highest authority that the Tsar of Russia is still alive. So many conflicting and contradictory rumours have come to us from Russia since the outbreak of the Revolution that it is difficult to believe anything in connection with that unhappy country. Still, having regard to the source of my information, I must give credence to the story and the Tsar's escape from democratic assassination. Of the Tsar it used to be said that when he



A MAD WORLD, WHATEVER!

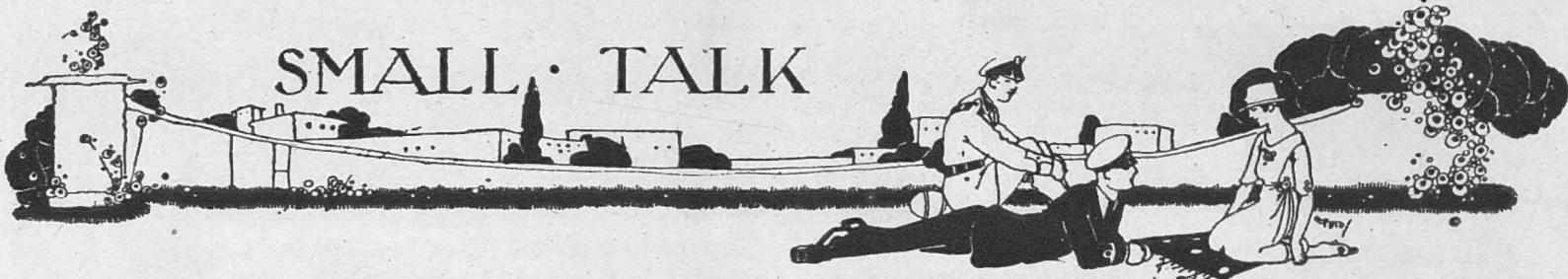
"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day."—A schoolboy "howler" from the University Correspondent.



"MAROONED" AT SANTA MONICA FOR "DURATION": BETTY AND DARCY DEFRIES.

The children of Colonel Defries, R.A.F., were "marooned" for "the duration" at Santa Monica, California, while visiting grandparents there. Only recently they got passports and came home.

SMALL TALK



LADY EGERTON, widow of Sir Edwin Egerton, at one time British Ambassador in Rome and Athens, declared to an interesting audience assembled at Lady Stephenson Kent's house the other day that she had never before made a speech. The audience felt genuinely sorry for what other audiences had missed, and congratulated itself that for once at least it was in luck's way. For Lady Egerton is a born speaker—which means that she knows what she wants to say, and says it as clearly and in as few words as possible. Herself a Russian, she spends her entire time working on behalf of her unfortunate fellow-countrymen stranded in England.

It is only the foolish frivolous who despise the sufferings of Russia. Those who heard Lady Egerton speak mentally resolved to help the cause she has so much at heart by taking at least one ticket for the Gala Performance at the Coliseum next week, organised in aid of the suffering Serbians and the families of Russians in England.



MARRIED ON JAN. 7:
MISS EILEEN PILE (MRS.
RONALD CARTY).

Miss Eileen M. Pile, daughter of Sir Thomas Devereux Pile, of Kenilworth House, Willesden Lane, N.W., was married on Jan. 7 to Mr. Ronald D. Carty, son of the late Mr. William Carty, J.P., of Dublin. Sir Thomas Pile was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1900. Photo. by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

her dazzling complexion were not something that dated from pre-war days, hard work would have become even more popular in Society than it was reputed to be during the war.

The "Bull Moose." The lavish obituary notices of Mr. Roosevelt show at least the newspaper man's faith in him as a source of "copy." Yet, while the ex-President was

live on the day before his death as the day he ceased to be President, he has for long been what they call a back-number in America. We altogether deceived ourselves on this side as to the extent of Mr. Roosevelt's influence on American opinion. The truth is that, quite apart from the neglect which is the usual lot of ex-Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt had lost a good deal of caste through his "bull-moose" attitudes. He would not be content to step out of the limelight, and could not get used to the rôle of a dignified



AT THE WEDDING OF MRS. DE GREY WARTER:
A BRIDESMAID AND TWO PAGEBOYS.

At the wedding of Mrs. De Grey Warter to Earl Cathcart, the bride was attended by Master Digby Hamilton, in pale-blue satin, Miss Dolores De Grey Warter, in white muslin, and Master De Grey Warter, who wore an Eton suit.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

returned empty. Therefore America, which has a very considerable idea of dignity in its public men, was sometimes amused, sometimes annoyed.



MARRIED ON JAN. 6: EARL CATHCART—MRS. DE GREY WARTER.

Earl Cathcart and Mrs. De Grey Warter, widow of Captain De Grey Warter, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square. The bride was given away by the Dowager Countess of Clarendon, and wore pale-grey satin and a sapphire-blue toque.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.]

his convictions. He risked everything on his domestic policy; and had he been in office when the war broke out he would undoubtedly have brought America into it, at whatever hazard. It is hardly recalled now that he became President by chance, fate, or providence, as one prefers to put the case. Apprehensive of his outright and downstraight way of thinking, the Republican managers had sidetracked him, as they thought, by making him Vice-President: it is an office the holder of which is tacitly considered out of the running for a nomination as President. But the assassin's knife at Paterson made "Teddy" head of the American State, and he filled space so amply as to leave no visible alternative when the term was complete. It may be safely said that no other American President so fully enjoyed his stay at White House. He lived and relished every minute of it.

Scholarships for V.A.D.s. Everyone knows and admires the patriotism

of the V.A.D.s, and will be glad to learn that it is to reap its reward. Lady Ampthill, who is Chairman of the Joint Women's V.A.D. Committee, has initiated a scholarship scheme to help in training for various professions those of the 60,000 members of the detachments who wish to fit themselves for a career in civil life. In a letter addressed to them, and enclosing particulars of the scheme, she says: "The joint societies (that is, the Territorial Force Association, Red Cross, and Order of St. John) have decided to give a sum of money for scholarships and for training, as a tribute to the magnificent work so generously given by V.A.D. members during the war." The circular enclosed with Lady Ampthill's letter gives details regarding twenty different occupations. Among these are medicine, nursing, domestic science, welfare work, and kindred pursuits.



TO MARRY ON JAN. 16:
MISS LILIAN MANDER.

Miss Lilian Brenda Mander, only daughter of the late Mr. B. Howard Mander, and Mrs. Mander, of Trysull Manor, Wolverhampton, is to be married, on Jan. 16, to Captain Sir Alfred Hickman, Bt., 4th (R.I.) Dragoon Guards.

Photograph by Swaine.

LUCIFER CAMOUFLAGED? "HIS" STAGE BALL COSTUME.

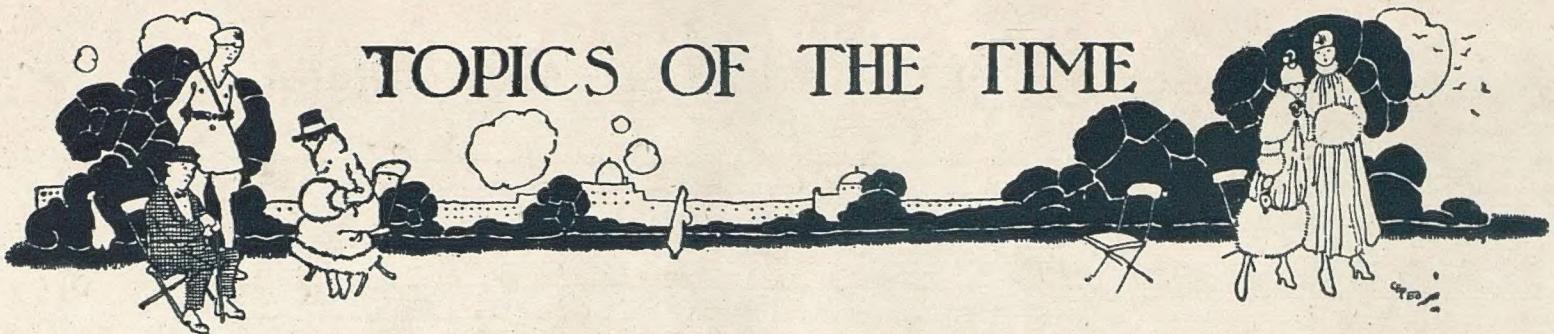


AS SHE ARRANGED TO APPEAR AT THE STAGE BALL: MME. ALICE DELYSIA IN THE "AS YOU WERE" GROUP.

Among the groups representing the chief plays and revues now running in London, in the Pageant of Plays and Players at the Stage Ball at the Albert Hall last Wednesday, was one from "As You Were," at the Pavilion. Mme. Delysia, of course, was the principal figure in it. It was

at first reported that she was going as Lucifer, the character she takes in the morality play in the Hunzollern scene. The costume she eventually adopted, as shown here, might be taken for part of the Lucifer dress camouflaged with a skirt and cap to match.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



YOU and I are hoping all is going well with the Peace Conference at Versailles. Unable to be there ourselves, owing to a conspicuous lack of invitation, we nevertheless take a real interest in the object of the meeting, and trust that no serious reconstructive deadlock or other international embarrassment may result from our absence.

Versailles, the scene for many years of fiercely fateful speculations, you hold to-day the hopes and fears of quite a little crowd of nations! I pray you urge your guests to act, and hurry forth the great solution, impressing the historic fact that Versailles stands for *execution*!

I asked my hatter—who sees the time by the St. James's Palace clock, and is therefore a man to be trusted—if there really was a great demand for silk hats just now, and he answered, “Yes, but the demand will be much greater when the hairdressers’ strike is completely settled.” I didn’t take him at first; but all of a sudden my brain worked, and “I knew, I knew, I knew” (as the late Sir George used to say so attractively in King Street hard by) that long hair would not be likely to show off the smart topper at its best.

Oh, barbers Polish, French, and Dutch (who singe my hair because it’s “splittish”), Italian, Belgian, Swede, and such (and just occasionally British), I trust you’ve really stopped that strike designed to help the English cropper? You’ve no idea how I dislike the flowing hair beneath the topper! Oh, barbers Montenegrin, Greek, and even you from Foo-Choo-Chingland (and haply one or two who speak their mother-tongue of “merely England”) I long to greet a topper-box a radiant modish silk enclosing! But wearing shaggy locks with “Locks” were hardly what you’d call imposing!



AT THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY: A NOTABLE GROUP—BEFORE AUGUSTUS JOHN’S CARTOON, “CANADIANS OPPOSITE LENS—WINTER, 1917-1918.”

From left to right are seen Lord Beaverbrook, Sir George Foster, Sir Robert Borden, Sir Edward Kemp, Sir George Perley, and Lieutenant-General R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O. The Exhibition is full of interesting and unusual pictures, both by artists who may be termed Academic, and by artists who are very far from Academic. It will remain open during this month and next; and should be visited by all concerned with the art of the day and the representation of modern warfare.—[Photograph by C.N.]

You’ve heard all about the new order of the bath-room, of course. If the lonely officer, or the lonely officer’s wife, or both, may not be staying at a house where there’s a bath, he, she, or they can come right along and use yours.

But this new military call upon the household must not be answered in a spirit that excludes ordinary common-sense precaution from the passionate exercise of patriotism. In other words, you

must stipulate that the officer or his wife must let you know in good time when your bath is likely to be wanted by the W.O. Situations of a most embarrassing nature might conceivably arise from any sudden demand for occupation, when you’ve forgotten to lock the door.

“Oh, Mary, get my dressing-robe and light the geyser ring. I think I’ll take my morning bath to-night. The Captain’s wife across the way this morning claimed the thing as soon as it was tolerably light!”



AT HER FLAT, WHICH SHE CALLS “THE DIGGERS’ REST”: MISS DOROTHY BRUNTON ENTERTAINS.

Miss Dorothy Brunton, the new heroine of “Soldier Boy,” calls her flat “The Diggers’ Rest,” for so many of her friends in the A.I.F. call upon her there. They are always welcome to tea and a chat.

Then Daphne shed her undies in a circle on the floor, and slipped into her Rose-du-Barri gown; and presently her ladyship was opening her door and creeping very delicately down. She hadn’t been reclining in the water very long, with shoulders snugly under from the air, when suddenly there came a voice all masculine and strong, demanding an admittance then and there!

The foolish little person hadn’t thought to turn the key, and got a nasty shock, you may depend! But Daphne found her officer a gentleman, you see, who beat a quick retreat. . . . And that’s the end!

“Sapphire-blue with touches of brilliant green, royal purple with the unique red of the Cardinal’s hat, crimson over orange—these are some of the combinations that are to be fashionable,” says a West-End dressmaker to a newspaper correspondent (presumably female).

He looked bewilderingly down, that little Fly upon the Ceiling, for something new had “come to town” that seemed to set his brain a-reeling. When “Daph” had sought her bed at night, and reached the stage of combinations, he’d always noticed they were white, as in the drapers’ illustrations. But now that garment tight as skin resembled that of Harlequin!

And thus the Fly was heard to muse, while upside-down the ceiling gripping: “I rather like these sapphire-blues—indeed, with brilliant green, they’re rippling! I love the purple with the shade that gravely hints at Romish hattery!” And crimson mixed with orange made the Fly inclined to dangerous flattery! At all events, he told his friends, “I know now where the rainbow ends!”

A. B. M.

WRONGLY REPORTED ENGAGED: LADY DIANA.



THE CENTRE OF AN ARTISTIC CIRCLE IN SOCIETY: LADY DIANA MANNERS.

It would be painting the lily to recapitulate the innumerable tributes which have been paid to the charm, the beauty, the never-failing willingness to take part in any Society function for a good cause, of the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lady Diana Manners, whose reported engagement was promptly denied the other

day. It was the grandfather of Lady Diana, the seventh Duke, who, in one of his literary efforts, coined the couplet: "Let laws and learning, art and commerce die, But leave us still our old nobility." And the Duke himself justified the aspiration. Lady Diana Manners' sisters are the Marchioness of Anglesey and Lady Violet Elcho.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



NOBODY could be more friendly and more polite, but in Buckingham Palace and at the Vatican nobody more informal, than were Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The President did not kneel to the Pope—a courtesy shown him by Kings, Catholic and Protestant, and by Sultans outside the Christian creed. But nobody minded. The Chamberlains exchanged smiles, but they knew that for such a ceremony this was neither the occasion nor the man. His moral uprightness was known to all, and there was something fine and fearless in his answering bodily posture, which was one of deference without a lowering of the knee. The unbendingness of Mr. Wilson was shown in his conduct of the war, and it had its outward symbol in his setting aside of the traditional etiquette of the Vatican.



A NEW YEAR BRIDE: LADY GARVAGH (MRS. DIMMER). Mrs. Dimmer, who was married to Lord Garvagh on New Year's Day, was the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. S. Dimmer, V.C., M.C., who was killed last year in action. Lady Garvagh was formerly Miss Dora Bayley-Parker, of The Oaklands, Molesley.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

way, that the President was said to have invited the King to visit America—a rumour since denied with a rather baffling conspicuously. Their Majesties, if ever they adventure, will have a right royal welcome in the States, whither no King has yet journeyed except Copper Kings and Cotton Kings galore. America is quite ready for a look at the real and original variety.

With the Wilsons. I have missed any allusions to one or two features of the President's travelling suite and his impedimenta. There was his black attendant, for instance, a novelty at the Palace, whereat he has left a legend of pride and happiness in his job English "bosses" might envy. And there was Susie, *alias* Mammie, Mrs. Wilson's black maid—and plenty of her! I will say nothing about the detectives whom even the President of a Republic—and he more than anyone, perhaps—must permit near his person. And that reminds me of a suspicious sound heard coming late at night from the Pink Room, one of the President's apartments at the Palace—a ticking, as it might be, of an infernal machine. The explanation, when

sought, was innocent enough. The President has possessed himself of a typewriter; and, finding himself helped by confiding to the instrument the speeches of the morrow, he was burning the midnight electric-light.

The Return of the Soldier. The Times speedily corrected its error in announcing that "Lord Hugh Grosvenor had left London for Combermere."

Lord Hugh has been missing since the early days of the war. Lord Gerald Grosvenor, too, was taken prisoner in October 1914. But he had a comrade who managed to get a long letter through, giving anxious friends at home the authentic news. This was Lord Dalrymple, who wrote: "Colonel Bolton, Major R. Menzies, Captain J. Coke, Captain Fox, Major Trafford, Lord Gerald Grosvenor, and I were caught practically all together. . . . Grosvenor is rather badly wounded about the face and neck." For a while there are bound to be slips in the Who's Who of the clubs and of other social resorts. So many men have stepped back into England and must after years of absence that they are half-strangers in places where they used to be figure-heads.



MARRIED TO THE WIDOW OF A V.C.: LORD GARVAGH.

Lord Garvagh, who was married on New Year's Day to Mrs. Dimmer, the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. S. Dimmer, V.C., M.C., is the fourth holder of the title, and had been previously married. He is a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. REX MANBY.

Mrs. Rex Manby, who, as Miss Marjorie Lean, was recently married to Lieutenant R. A. Manby, R.A.F., is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Lean, 5th Bengal Cavalry. She was a member of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, and for eighteen months drove an ambulance for the British Army overseas.

Photograph by Bennett Clark.

Lead Them a Dance! Dances here, there, and everywhere are doing a great deal to make London and Londoners reasonably attractive to American and other overseas visitors. The proverbial inaccessibility of the Britisher, combined with sugarless tea and an insufficiency of beds, might well have dismayed the stranger—the stranger, that is, not fortunate enough to receive his impressions of London in the arm-chairs of the beautiful rooms provided for him in Grosvenor Place by the Countess of Harrowby; or in the Leconfield palace; or in that particularly charming room, lined with books, in Cavendish Square; or at one or other of the houses put at his disposal.

To the Gallery. Experienced hostesses say

that dances are the best corrective to all the little chillinesses, all the misgivings and mistakes of our intercourse with our guests while we are still learning to know them. Another and more official thing that would make a pleasant show of hospitality, and mightily please quite a number of men from afar, would be the reopening of our museums and galleries. We are, it is true, digging the sand-bags out of the British Museum; but the place still wears too much the air of a war-time desolation to rejoice anybody's heart. The Louvre, I believe, is ahead of Bloomsbury in the happy reopening race.



A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE KILDARE HUNT: MISS FRANCES KAVANAGH. Miss Frances Kavanagh is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles M. Kavanagh, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., of Moorefield, Newbridge. She is one of the keenest followers of the well-known Irish pack known as the "Killing Kildares."

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

MARRIED: THE HEROINE OF "SCANDAL."

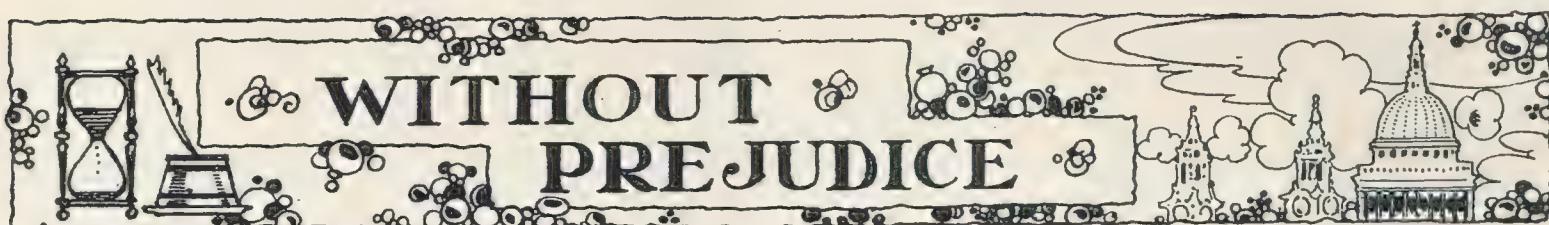


MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER: MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS THE HON. BEATRIX HINCHCLIFF.

Playgoers were much interested in the "surprise" marriage the other day of one of our ablest actors and the very charming young actress who is appearing as "lead" with him in a play which has created a good deal of talk. The announcement appeared in the "Times" of Jan. 7: "Marriages.—Bourchier: Bellew.—On the 24th Dec. last, by

special licence, Arthur Bourchier to Kyrie Bellew." Husband and wife are appearing with success in "Scandal," at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Arthur Bourchier is an American millionaire in the comedy, and Miss Kyrie Bellew (now Mrs. Arthur Bourchier) the heroine; and both Pelham Franklin and the Hon. Beatrix Hinchcliff find much favour with the audience.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



LET'S talk about some new friends for a change. And we might as well make it (very nearly) Crowned Heads this time, mightn't we? Because they are always so much more fun to read about than the others really. And anyway we are all allowed to be snobs now, Thackeray or no Thackeray, if only as a Bulwark against Bolshevism ("loud cheers, in which the Russian ex-Chargé d'Affaires also joined"). Well, then, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Washington, D.C., and the League of Nations, Eur., have made captives of us all, haven't they? We were charmed with their delightful manners—"such a Gentleman, my dear," as my friend the Very Particular Old Lady said, "and I was afraid that he wore those Dreadful Shoes with such Extremely Peculiar Toes." We were fascinated beyond expression by that wonderful succession of new top-hats that appeared to come steadily out of a magic hat-box borrowed from the repertoire of Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant, and our captivation was completed by a most attractive fur-coat worn, after the pleasing fashion of our Allies, inside out.

And then there was the celebrated Wilson Smile; known to our French friends (what a marvellously adaptable language they possess) as *le sourire Wilson*; famous in Rom^e (what a wealth of music there is in the old Tuscan cadences) as *il sorriso Wilson*; and even charming the distant neutrals beyond the Pyrenees (how the proud Castilian accents seem to dream in the sunshine) as *la sonrisa Wilson*. Judging from the President and Miss Lee White, it would almost look as though the smile is to be adopted as the American national emblem; and Mr. Wilson has judiciously hit on something between the eternal calm of the modern *Monna Lisa* (Ambassadors' Theatre, twice daily) and the almost indelicate ostentation of the ivories practised by his now regretted predecessor in

Secretary Daniels would have cried havoc and released a two-thousand-foot film on "The Destruction of London," whilst the Independent Air Force searched hungrily for Poughkeepsie, and the members of three Service Clubs stormed the Eagle Hut. It was this way. I got it from the camera, which Cannot Lie. A State Occasion at nine o'clock in the morning before breakfast is an



CELEBRATING THE DELIVERANCE OF ALEPO FROM THE TURKS: A NATIVE SWORD-DANCE.—[Official Photograph.]

extremely exacting event, and the dresser allotted to Presidents on tour by the Sixty-Fourth Amendment of the Constitution did a Dreadful Thing. He turned one leg of the Presidential trouser up, leaving with tragic inadvertence the other (and equally Presidential) leg of the trouser turned down. One trembles (does one not?) to think what might have come of it in the tense atmosphere of world politics. Riots in Savile Row. Bâton-charge in Conduit Street. *Tailor and Cutter* demands War. Or an alternative version in which the crisis would be averted by the compulsory introduction of turning a single trouser up as an English fashion. And it may only have been intended as a delicate tribute to May Yohe after all. But Mr. Wilson has survived it, and here's to our next merry meeting!

"What was he doing, the great god Pan" (Peter), as Mrs. Browning melodiously inquired quite a number of years ago, and would not stay for an answer. If she had only done so; we might have informed her that he was indulging in his seventeenth season, and that the New Theatre is not exactly "down in the reeds by the river," mightn't we? And don't we find rather trying the people who go to see him as if they were going to Oberammergau or the *Ring*, or one of the other places where the performers are discouraged from gagging? Seriousness about the stage is a virtue that we can all appreciate, but London is becoming infested with a rigid sect of Peter-Pantheists who regard a departure from the Sacred Text of 1903 as a deviation from the Canon of Scripture. Which is absurd. I know a man who is sometimes moved to reprove Mr. Harry Tate for introducing variations into the First Folio text of his motor-car act. Which is no worse.

To enthusiasts for the matrimony of other persons one says, as one has had good reason to say before, Keep Your Eye on the Foreign Office. Think of a procession at the Victory Ball (of blessed and glorious memory), try to remember—not wholly unassisted by the art of photography—who was dressed up as the "tails" side of a penny, borrow a New College list, multiply them by two, take away the people you first thought of, and—Wait and See.



THE DEMOBILISATION: "PIVOTAL" AND "SLIP" MEN AT THE DEMOBILISATION OFFICE IN WHITEHALL, TO GET THEIR PAPERS PUT IN ORDER.

Photograph by L.N.A.

office, the late Mr. Roosevelt. So let's hope it Won't Come Off. It survived a Sunday evening in Manchester, anyway.

But nobody—not even Mr. William Le Queux—has yet realised how near we came to war with the United States at Victoria Station the other morning. A breath, a whisper, an indiscretion—and Mr.

DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA: A NEW PORTRAIT.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS FIELD-MARSHAL: THE HON. ELLEN SEYMOUR METHUEN.

The Hon. Ellen Seymour Methuen is the younger of the daughters of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, third Baron, and one of the finest soldiers of his day, who served with distinction in the Ashanti War, in Egypt, and South Africa, and was Commander of "Methuen's Horse" in Bechuanaland. He is now Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta.

The Hon. Ellen Seymour Methuen is his daughter by his second wife, who, before her marriage, in 1885, was Miss Mary Ethel Sanford, daughter of the late Mr. William Ayshford Sanford, of Nynehead Court, Somerset. Miss Methuen's sister, the Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen, was married, in 1915, to Captain the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, uncle of the Earl of Carlisle.

Photograph by Yevonde.

WILL THE DANCING VOGUE BRING THIS SORT OF



AMERICAN STAGE MODELS FOR THE VOTARIES OF FANCY DRESS: QUEER

While the present vogue for dancing, in fancy dress and otherwise, holds sway over Society, new ideas for costumes are in constant demand. Here are some striking while some of them are reminiscent of "cha

THING TO TOWN? COSTUMES FROM NEW YORK.



AND GORGEOUS "GOWNS" AT THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK.

examples from the famous Winter Garden of New York, which may be useful to our readers. They combine freakish fantasy with gorgeous magnificence, "Chantecler."—[Photographs by White Studios.]

IN "BUZZ, BUZZ"—AND CAMERA GOGGLES: A VAUDEVILLIENNE.



AS SEEN AT THE VAUDEVILLE AND (FOR THIS OCCASION ONLY) IN A PAIR OF SPECTACLES:
MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

Miss Margaret Bannerman is one of the principals in "Buzz, Buzz," the new revue at the Vaudeville. She plays therein a variety of characters with her accustomed charm and versatility. Among other things she is The Station-mistress at St. Victorialoo and The Fair Apportioner in a delightful

Shakespearean skit, "The Merchant of Venison." Above she is seen in two of her dresses for the revue, while in the third portrait she is wearing, for this occasion only, the photographer's spectacles, and a new kind of twelve-pound look.—[Photographs by Malcolm Abuthnot.]

A CHARMING AMERICAN PEERESS: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.



A CHARITABLE WORKER DURING THE WAR: LADY ASHBURTON.

Lady Ashburton is the wife of the fifth Baron Ashburton, to whom she was married, as his second wife, in 1906. She was, before her marriage, Miss Frances Donnelly, daughter of Mr. J. C. Donnelly, of New York. Lord Ashburton, before his succession to his father's title, in 1889, was the Hon. Francis Denzil Edward Baring. His first wife was the daughter

of Viscount Hood, and died in 1904. Her eldest daughter, the Hon. Venetia Baring, was appointed a Maid of Honour to Queen Mary in 1911. During the Great War Lady Ashburton has actively assisted at many charitable functions. Lord Ashburton is a Major in the Hampshire (Carabiniers) Regiment.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

BONNE ANNÉE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

JTHINK that, on the whole, we succeeded bravely in forgetting for a few days the last four years. We got new frocks, if we could not get new faces without the war lines and the tell-tale mouth-corners, and we danced—*mon Dieu*, how we danced. No *danse macabre* either. We fox-trotted by night and feasted by day as if London had been a combined ball-room and banquet-hall where Pleasure held court and shook its *hochet*. Then when the Great Ones of this world—and of the new—passed under our balcony we threw flowers and confetti in-Continental fashion, while the paper *serpentes* hissed through the air and coiled themselves around the beflagged posts. And so all is well that ends well, and History opens a new chapter.

For the first time during my stay in your country I have celebrated the New Year in the Scotch fashion (*honi soit qui mal y pense!*). To you the quaint old custom is only old and no longer quaint; but to me the whole proceedings had the spice of novelty. On the stroke of twelve, as the solemn and thrilling voice of the bells said good-bye to 1918, we all—hosts, guests, servants, and relations—lined up in the hall and stood at attention (not a mean feat on New Year's night—what!), then steps were heard outside, then a knock, then a man's voice claiming admittance for himself and the blessings the New Year might bring. The door was opened, and the guest (picked among the merriest and Scottishest) appeared, carrying a basket containing salt, bread, and wine—the three things which make life worth enduring. I was astonished at the simplicity of the conception, for who among us would be satisfied with bread, salt, and wine?

Who said Bohemia was now but a place and a name? He or she should have been one of the mad revellers at the rag given on Dec. 28 at Mrs. Cowper-Coles' in the best Bohemian manner and traditions. Of course, artists are a world apart and in themselves,

and, when they choose to "let themselves go," every convention and straitlacedness has got to go too. You should have seen Dudley Hardy, Baribal, Hassall, and their charming wives, C. G. D.

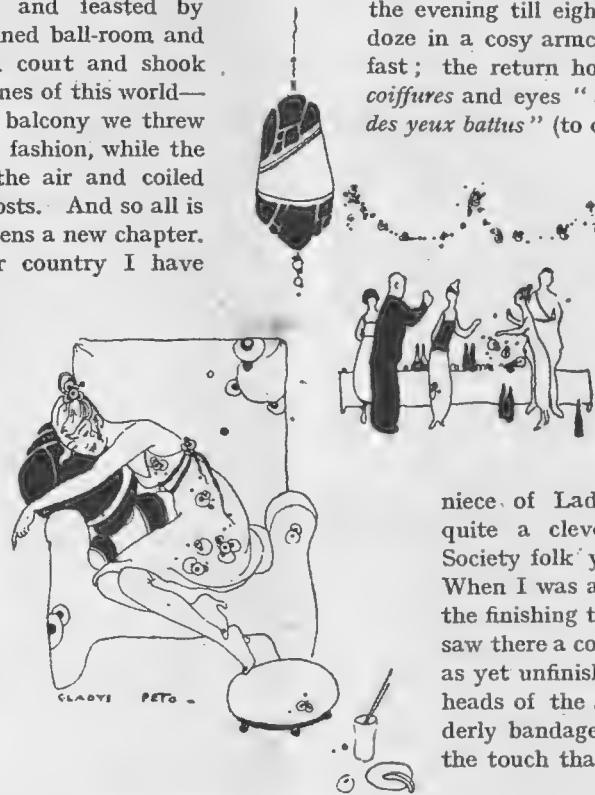


"Sitting on the scullery sink, and from there relating funny stories."

Roberts (now Major Roberts, the poet and writer of animal stories), Lieutenant Turnbull, and many more, running up and down stairs, dancing, dizzying, drinking, smoking, making strange concoctions of their own brew in the kitchen, sitting on the scullery sink, and from there relating funny stories!

And this from eight o'clock in the evening till eight the next day, with intervals for a doze in a cosy armchair; then more dancing and breakfast; the return home in daylight with compromising coiffures and eyes "qui pour des yeux vainqueurs étaient des yeux battus" (to quote "Cyrano," untranslatable), and

at the hour when the orthodox were going to church! No, Bohemia is not dead, *mes amis*—Bohemia is immortal!



"With intervals for a doze."

Among the many Christmas treats that were my lucky lot, I had the privilege to see your great sculptor at work the other morning.

By now I believe Jacob Epstein has finished the bust of Mrs. Clare Sheridan, niece of Lady Randolph Churchill, and herself quite a clever sculptress, whose statuettes of Society folk you have, no doubt, often enjoyed.

When I was at his studio the Master was putting the finishing touches to the beautiful neck. I also saw there a colossal and impressive figure of Christ, as yet unfinished, and the two serene and classical heads of the sculptor's wife. Two or three tenderly bandaged "commissions" were waiting for the touch that would bring them to life.

The Beefsteak Club is responsible for some of the best stories in London, but this one is quite proper (why but?—*n'importe!*). She was a war bride, alluring, attractive, and amusing; and she and her husband were the very best of pals, sympathetic in their attitude towards each other, and trusting each other absolutely. No, this is not a fairy-tale at all! The other day she ran against a young officer, a friend of her girlhood days. Both were delighted at meeting again, and he suggested dinner.

She told him she'd "like to awfully," and that she had married since he saw her last. He *ohohed*, half in surprise and half in sorrow. Did her marriage make any difference? Not in the least, she assured him.

They went to the fashionable feeding place and were enjoying their food when the husband came in—not as a melodrama hubby at all, you understand, with a dagger in his mouth, a pillow in his right hand, and a revolver in the left, but debonair, smiling, and quite perchance. His eye caught that of his wife, he winked, she dimpled, he went and sat at a corner table not far off. Evidently, the incident seemed amusing to them both, for now and then they would grin at each other, and exchange different discreet signals of *entente* and goodwill. Not so discreet, however, that the wife's officer friend failed to notice them. He bore it for a little while, though deplored *in petto* the lack of good taste his guest was showing.

Towards the end of the meal, however, his patience gave way. He got up, went over to the husband's table, and said with wrath and dignity, "Look here, I don't want to make a scene, but if I catch you again giving the glad eye to my wife I'll give you a black eye that won't be glad!"

He wondered why the rotter roared, as did the frivolous girl he was dining, for she was too tickled by his tact to give the show away.

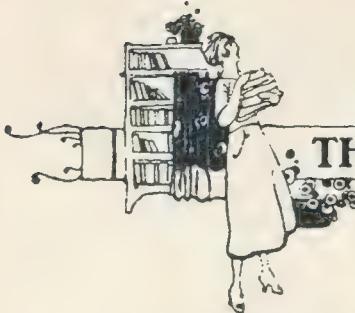
"THE WOMAN WHO DARES"—AMID DARING DECORATION.



THE WINDING PATH AND A PICTURESQUE SETTING: MISS DOROTHY DALTON IN "THE WOMAN WHO DARES."

Miss Dorothy Dalton is here seen as she appears in "The Woman Who Dares," described on the photograph, which recently arrived from America, as a "Thomas Ince production." No further facts are vouchsafed to us, either about the actress or the piece; but the portrait, like the air about Macbeth's

castle, "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses," and so we can say no more about it beyond expressing admiration both for the figure and the decorative setting. However, they themselves are more than their own justification.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



LIKE the lions caged at the "Zoo," our poets don't know their own power, or they would long since have broken out and made the world as good as they want it to be. This, incidentally, I gather from Mr. Phelps's interesting survey of "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century." He relies

on General Sir George Young-husband for the statement that when Kipling first wrote about soldiers there were no soldiers in the British Army like those he wrote about, but "a few years after, the soldiers thought and talked and expressed themselves exactly as Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier."

We often talk of creative literature, and there you have it. As

DURING HIS CABINET-MAKING "REST": THE PRIME MINISTER AT CRICCIETH; WITH COLONEL SIR MAURICE HANKEY.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.]

Mr. Phelps remarks, "It is as though John Sargent should paint an inaccurate but idealised portrait, and the original should make it accurate by imitation." Why worry about Acts of Parliament, when you can painlessly reform people like that? But the movement must be properly organised, otherwise we should have one author depicting Cabinet Ministers as angels, and another showing them as something else, and there is no knowing, then, which way they would grow up.

Mr. Phelps does not pursue the point. He is more concerned with recent poetical developments in England and America, and his criticisms are as frank as they are discriminating. If you are not acquainted with the American poets he discusses, you can get over that difficulty by reading Roma Claire's excellent anthology of "Modern American Verse."

While we are on the subject, let me recommend some books of poems that appeared in the latter part of last year. The fifth volume of that monumental anthology, "The English Poets," ranges from Browning to Rupert Brooke, and the names of the eminent critics and poets responsible for the various selections carry with them their own guarantee. Perhaps Australia should not have been represented only by Lindsay Gordon; something of Kendall, Farrell, and Brunton Stephens, at least, might have been included; but the Canadian section is satisfactory, and the English, or British, as full almost as one could desire.

The real stuff of poetry is in Eric S. Robertson's "From Alleys and Valleys," and in "The Cockpit of Idols," by Muriel Stuart. Mr. Robertson has been in no hurry to publish a first book of his verse, but two of his finest sonnets and several of his lyrics will be familiar to those who know the best of the later-Victorian anthologies, and have an eye for the little good poetry that appears at intervals in the literary journals. Mr. Phelps justly complains that many of our quite distinguished modern poets have plenty of technical finish, but nothing to say, and hardly any imaginative or emotional power. He would not think that of Miss Stuart's work, or of Mr. Robertson's. Miss Stuart made her reputation as a poet two years ago with "Christ at Carnival," and there are things in her second

book that go beyond that both in beauty of idea and magic of phrase.

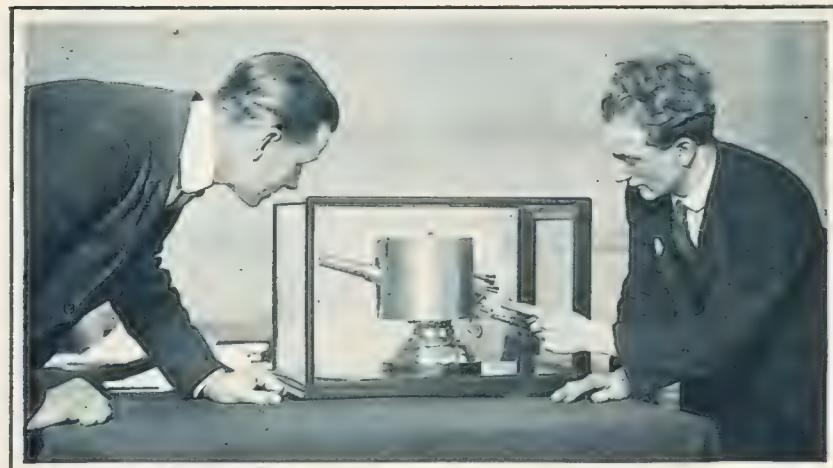
The first book to reach me this year was Charles J. B. Masefield's collected Poems; the second was Sir Ernest Wild's "The Lamp of Destiny." Masefield (a cousin of John Masefield) took a commission in the early days of the war, and had earned his M.C. before he was killed in action. An idealist of high sincerity, if, like many idealists, he put his anger against existing evils into scathing satire, in other moods his love and hope of humanity speak in verse that is afire with passion or touched with a wistful charm.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., has won fame as a pleader in divers sensational criminal cases, but as a poet he is far from such remembrances, and touches on the higher issues of life and death in thoughtful and thought-compelling verses. Though he calls his poems "some indiscretions of the Long Vacation," only once does he drop into frivolity, and then he camouflages it under a gilt-edged title. "Ne Sutor Supra Crepidam" compares modern fastidiousness with the easy habits of the ancient pilgrims—

Yes! with bare aching feet,
Holy men, I repeat,
Wandered through lane and street,
Deserts and prairies.
Now if without your socks
You chance to go, it shocks
Sentiments orthodox:
How fashion varies!

Talking of crime, if Sir Ernest ever has to draw up that indictment against the pilgrim in Holland, he might get some hints from "The Hohenzollerns at the Bar of History." Mr. Pillans goes all the way. He describes William's as "a sinister family of hereditary criminals," and unfolds the record of that family from the time its founder began to feel his feet—a record that, by comparison, makes the "Newgate Calendar" respectable enough to be kept on the drawing-room table.

For more heroic forms of rascality, mitigated with love and picturesque adventure, turn to "The Winds of Chance" and "Billy McCoy." I doubt if Rex Beach ever did anything better than the



FOR MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: A MODEL OF A 6-IN. GUN PRESENTED BY A MUNITIONS FACTORY.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

first; and Mr. Culley's warning to reviewers shall not scare me from calling his story a romance, and a rattling good one.

BOOKS TO READ.

The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century. By W. Lyon Phelps. (New York: Dodd, Mead.)
Modern American Verse. Compiled by Roma Claire. (Westall.)
The English Poets. Edited by T. Humphry Ward. Vol. 5. (Macmillan.)
From Alleys and Valleys. By Eric S. Robertson. (Erskine Macdonald.)
The Cockpit of Idols. By Muriel Stuart. (Methuen.)
Poems. By Charles J. B. Masefield. (Oxford: Blackwell.)
The Lamp of Destiny, and Other Poems. By Sir Ernest Wild, K.C. (Elkin Mathews.)
The Hohenzollerns at the Bar of History. By T. Dundas Pillans. (Melrose.)
The Winds of Chance. By Rex Beach. (Hodder.)
Billy McCoy. By Christopher Culley. (Cassell.)

PELMANISM: THE GOSPEL OF ACTION.

By W. C. L.

PELMANISM is good news. It is the gospel of action. If the public could see the piles of letters which have been received at Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, from thousands of Pelmanists, it could only come to one conclusion—that the Pelman system is a great creator and stimulant of energy and action. This is one of the explanations of the enormous success which has attended, and continues to attend, the movement. Like the spirit of old, in the valley of dry bones, it is provoking and stirring the minds of men and women as nothing else has done in this generation.

Pelmanism is not simply a bit of new propaganda; it is not merely a new system of education; it is not just a practical living application of the principles of psychology. It is all this, and much more. Most of all, it is an impelling, energising, and vivifying spirit, which develops, revives, and animates the mental powers, and regalvanises the will of all those who come under its sway. It transforms the slacker. It arouses, develops, and directs human energy. It is a moral and mental dynamic, and enormously reinforces the executive faculties.

In bygone days, it was commonly supposed that a man had a strong will or he had not, and there was an end of it. Pelmanism demonstrates that such a view is a fatal heresy. It proves that the will, like all the other faculties of the mind, may be developed and so directed as to issue in deed and action. This is one of the special claims of the System. It is a claim which meets the special demands of the times.

DEMAND FOR NEW IDEAS.

There have been times in the history of the world when the demand was for men of ideas, men who could give us new statements and fresh generalisations. To-day, the demand is not such. The call, at the present moment, is for men of vim and energy, such as can be translated into movement and action. There is no lack of inventive genius, of scientific discovery, or of social ideals. The war has shown us that of these we have abundance, though in each of these departments bigger things are looming on the horizon. The great need is to turn all this into practical channels and so speed up national progress. Enormous work has to be done, if the world is to be made safe for democracy and if democracy is to be safe for the world. Dreaming longing, and simply wishing are useless. The thing that matters is practical, well-directed life and action.

King George made a telling appeal to our country a few years ago, in the rousing call, "Wake up, England!" England is awake to-day as she has never been before. The rude hand of the cruellest war in history has sternly shaken her out of sleep. And now, wide awake, the British Empire is looking around and realising how much there is to be done. There is no lack of vision or of desire. We are all hoping and longing for a sweeter, fairer, and kinder Land than was the Land of our Fathers. The supreme question is: How shall it be done? Statesmen, experts, educationists, captains of industry, and well-fed, well-housed, well-paid labour, we need all these. But all these have one common need, and that is an unfailing, constant supply of well-directed energy.

THE MENTAL ENERGY FACTOR.

Now, if an appeal were made to a hundred average students of the Pelman System, as to what is one of the chief results of training on Pelman lines, we are convinced that one and all would say it develops, to a surprising degree, human energy: it is the gospel of action. The public has every right to submit the system to this test, since Pelmanism claims pre-eminently to fit men and women for business and professional life. It claims to make men and women more capable, more serviceable, and therefore of greater use and financial value to the community. And the system must be judged ultimately by this standard—is the Pelmanist alert, active, accurate, thorough, progressive? Does he "carry on" and make others "carry on"?

Beyond a peradventure it does do this. The Pelmanist is a "live man." He is awake. Mentally speaking, his coat is off, his sleeves are turned up, and he is out for work. It is a big claim, of course; but there are thousands who can substantiate it, and who avow that it makes work a pleasure and responsibility a delight. Talking the other day to a man who was curious, if not sceptical, of the entire Pelman movement, he made the remark, "Well, you know, my feeling is that the thing is too good to be true." But it would not be a gospel if it did not seem like that. A gospel is good news, something too good to be true on the face of things. It is not just another theory, or system, or philosophy. It is a spirit, and it is the spirit that gives life. It is the case with the Pelman movement. The training involved comes as a revelation. It gets at a man. It finds him. It reveals him to himself, and it sets him going upon definite and wise lines.

PEACE PRODUCTION.

The need is for an awakened spirit, a spirit that moves and does things. It is of first importance, when one remembers the pressing need for Peace Production. Probably Britain's share in the enormous debt which the war has entailed is approximately 8000 millions, requiring something like 400 millions for annual interest, to say nothing about provision for sinking funds. How are these enormous liabilities to be met? The answer is Production, which again means a more active and vigorous system of manufacture than this country has ever known. Brains, capital, factories, and machinery will be at hand. The new factor required is increased human energy. It would pay both master and man to spread among our workers the gospel of Pelmanism, because this method is the last word in mental dynamics. More than ever we shall have to realise the vested potentialities of the shipwright, the boiler-maker, the engineer, the weaver, and the spinner. The power is there all right. It can be developed and applied in such a way as to be equal to the new demands. Pelmanism shows the way. Behind its principles is experience, and volumes of testimony. Let it be tested, and the results need not be feared.

And how does it do all this? it may be asked. Not by any tricks and by means of any cheap short cuts. The system is rational and natural. It is practical and personal. It means the enrichment and application of personality. The system is not profound except in the sense that all simple things are profound. Others may have—indeed, are—thinking and acting more or less according to Pelman principles. But Pelmanism is the first complete graded system of mind and memory training which has appeared in this country. It needs no argument to commend it save the argument

of experiment. It is self-evident to those who enter upon it. If a man will but follow its teaching, he will know that it is as interesting and practical as it is easy and enjoyable and fruitful.

But what is the *modus operandi*? It implants in the mind, and builds upon, four vital elements—Purpose, Interest, Energy, and Will Power. Look first at the vital element which Pelmanism plants in the mind—*PURPOSE*. If inquiries are made at Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, it will be found that the reason why so many lives are ineffective and why so many men miss success is this: they have not worked under the impulse of a clear, definite purpose. Such a confession is tacitly admitted by thousands of those who enter for the Pelman Course. Often it is found that, whilst a man is professedly a banker or an engineer or a solicitor or an engine-fitter, really his heart is not wholly in his work. The reasons may be various. He does not fit his work or his work does not fit him. He has grown tired, or he has lost interest. In short, the edge of his purpose has become blunt, and so he is not cutting his mark upon the things which make up his daily calling. Sometimes he has other irons in the fire, and his calling is getting less attention than it demands. Instead of giving his best time and energy to the heating and striking and shaping of the iron of his own special business, he is hampered with half-a-dozen other irons, the result being that he achieves nothing but old iron. It is this lack of clear, definite aim which is often the cause of failure. Now, the Pelman student cannot proceed far into the Course of training without being sharply pulled up on this point. He is forced to ask himself: What am I aiming at? What is the one thing which I am supposed to be doing? He is forced to put first things first, to begin at the beginning.

THE ANTIDOTE TO MONOTONY.

The second vital element which Pelmanism plants in the mind is *INTEREST*. Anyone who has kept his eyes open knows that it is tragic to contemplate the number of people there are who are engaged day by day in work for which they have lost interest. The result is that they have become hirelings, having lost, if they ever had it, their first absorbing love of things. Much can be said, of course, about "the blessedness of drudgery," but drudgery is an evil, after all that may be said, and there is more of it in life than is necessary. Work never was and never need be a curse. What it needs is the right outlook and the right spirit, and this is precisely what Pelmanism provides.

Unfortunately, one of the results of the war is that thousands of our lads, with eyes reopened to the presence of change and reality, have lost interest in their old callings. "Tis true, and pity 'tis true." Often it is well nigh impossible to get successfully out of an old calling into a new one. Where that is possible Pelmanism does much to help, and where it is not possible it enables a man to see the new in the old, and so to revive and rekindle his lost interest.

THE INDIVIDUAL FACTOR.

The third vital element which Pelmanism implants in the mind is *ENERGY*. Here, again, it is amazing to note how frequently a four-cylinder-power mind is working on the basis of a two-cylinder-power standard. The potential energy, in most individuals, is much greater than they have ever imagined. Not only so, in many cases even the energy they have is either largely wasted or misdirected. Any engineer knows that the problem which has to be solved in designing and constructing an engine, either for a motor-car or not, is largely the problem of generating, directing, and economising energy. The questions of work, speed, and cost are the elements of the problem. It is largely the same with the human machine, and there is no part of the Pelman System which is more suggestive and more helpful than is the part dealing with the generation, conservation, and application of human energy.

THE WILL TO SUCCEED.

The fourth vital element which Pelmanism plants in the mind is *WILL-POWER*. A "'Varsity" man confessed to the writer of this article some time ago that though he had specialised in philosophy and psychology, he had never met a more helpful or illuminating treatment of the nature of the human will than that contained in the little grey books. Many have declared that the Pelman treatment of this important subject is alone worth the full course fee. Pelmanism shows you what the will is, and how it can be developed, strengthened, and perfected. And to do that is to bring good news to untold multitudes.

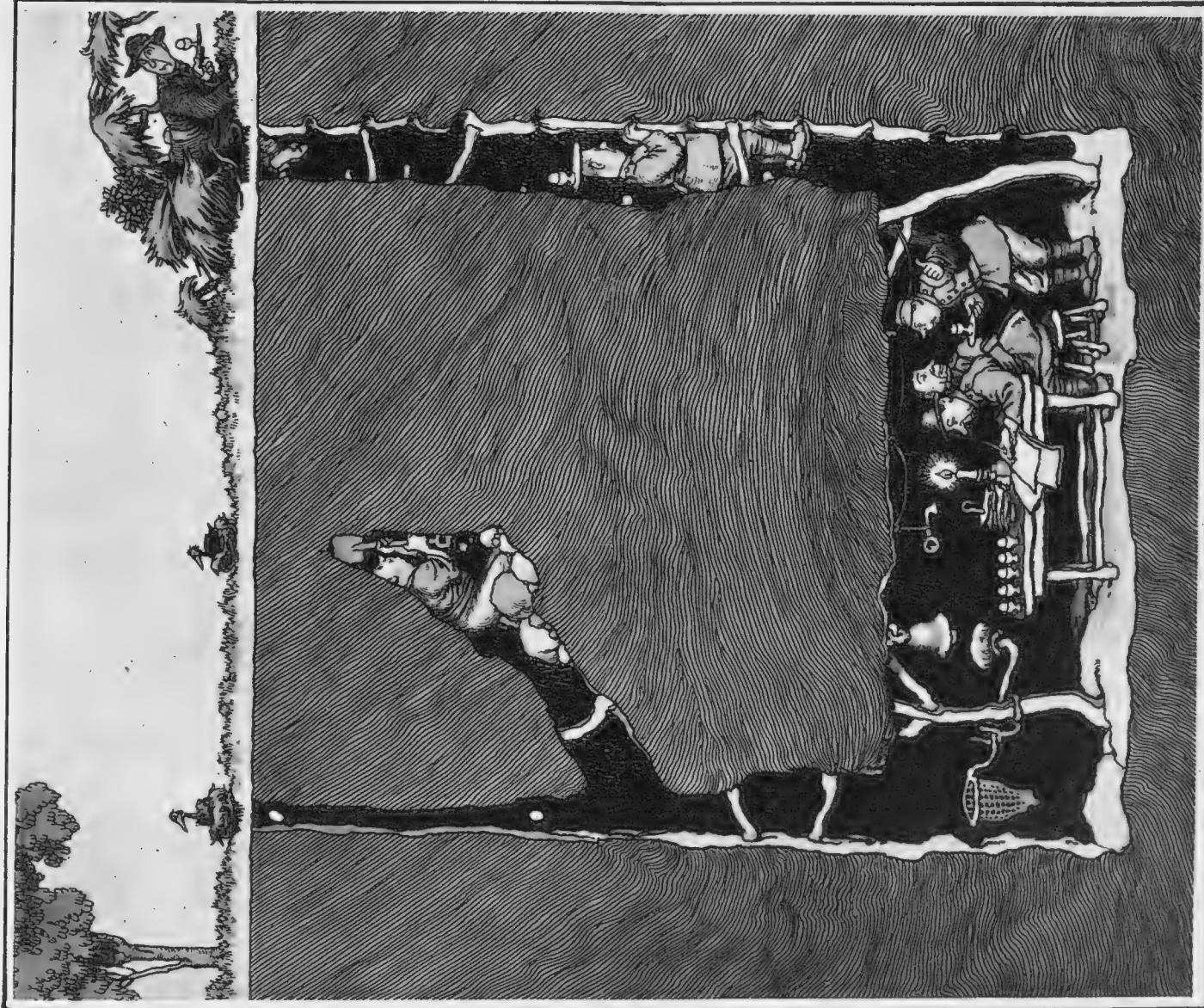
Purpose, interest, energy, will-power—these are the elemental constituents of human action. These are so treated, in the Pelman System, and so harmonised in the general mental training given, that in many cases for the first time the mind wakes up to the fact that life is action, and that the joy and zest of things consist in "travelling on," and not simply "arriving," as Robert Louis Stevenson would say. Here, then, is the opportunity for those who have become slack, for those who find themselves dreaming success instead of achieving it. Here is the opportunity for those who are apt to spend their days in analysis and criticism, when success is conditioned by synthetic thinking and strenuous endeavour. Pelmanism is spirit; it is life; and to come into contact with it is to be mentally kindled and enthused. It brings a message of hope to the mentally tired. It refreshes the jaded mind. In short, Pelmanism furnishes us with a means which is unique, a method by which a man can match his circumstances, and make the most and best of his life.

"Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse to execute
Our purpose, life will fleet, and we shall fade and
Leave our task undone."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "The Sketch" who applies to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

OVERSEAS ADDRESSES:—46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

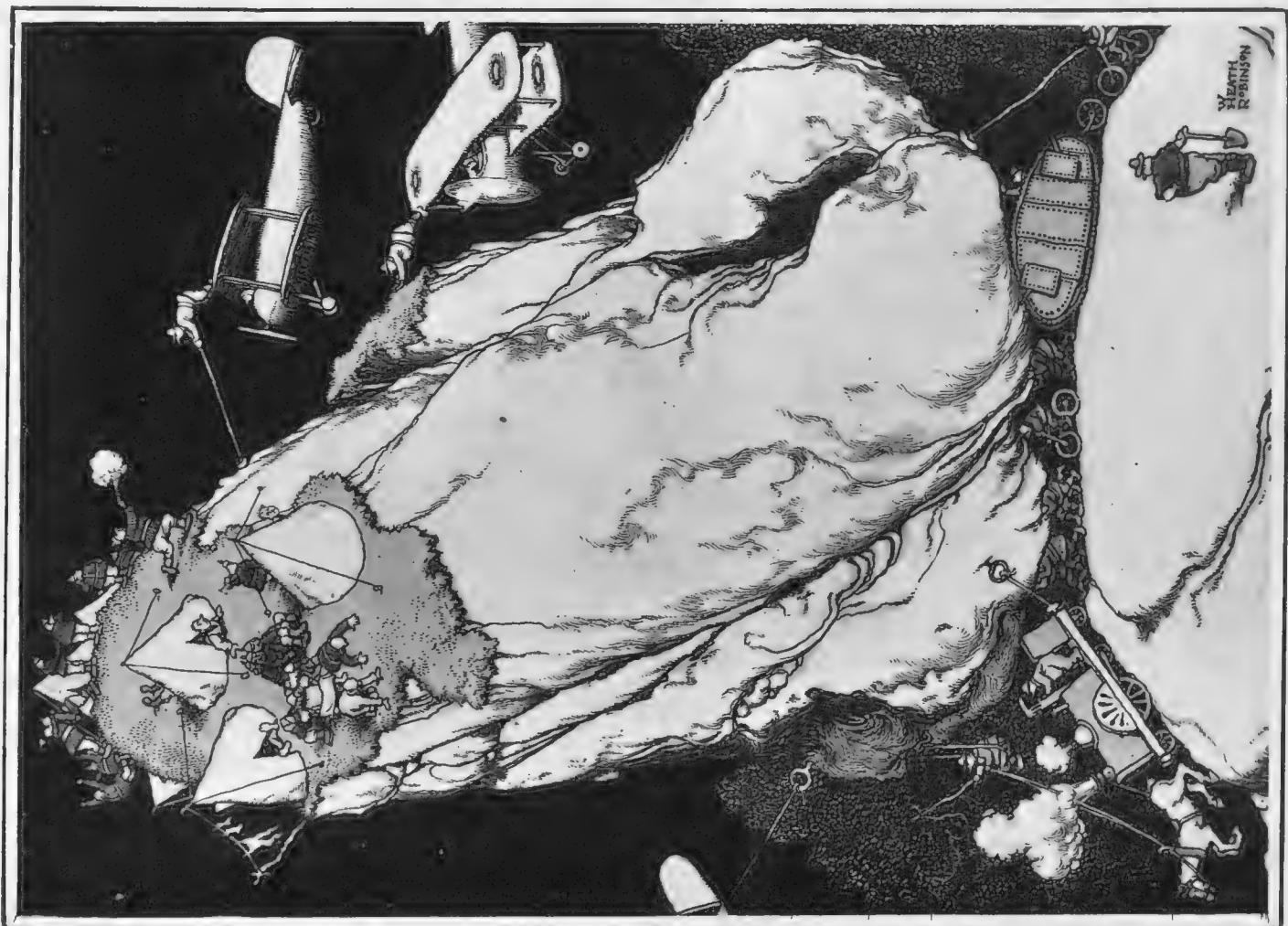
WAR INVENTIONS—NOT NEEDED NOW!



ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD! X.—AN EGG-MINE OF THE SUPPLY SERVICE.
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ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD! IX.—THE ART OF TAKING PEAKS.

DRAWINGS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.
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YOUR LAST CHANCE

**to subscribe for National War Bonds
ends on SATURDAY, JAN. 18th**

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Study these figures and you will see at a glance how profitable an investment War Bonds are. Remember too that you get Government Security. Once you have put your money into War Bonds you need never have a moment's anxiety as to the safety of your capital or the punctual payment of your interest.

Put it ALL into WAR BONDS



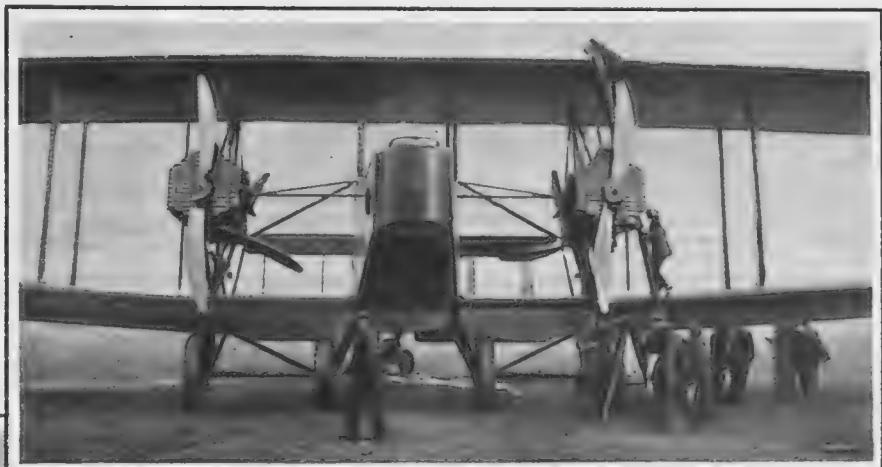
ALTITUDES AND ENGINES.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

EVERYBODY seems so very much interested in the alleged world's record altitude flight made on Jan. 2 by two officers of the R.A.F. Experimental Station at Martlesham Heath, near Ipswich, that one is emboldened to think that there may be quite a big future for purely sporting aviation. One uses the adjective "alleged" advisedly, for there are many matters to be settled before it is certain whether the machine reached the world's record height or not. To begin with, the height shown on the recording barograph is not by any means the actual height. It is subject to various corrections such as atmospheric density, humidity, and temperature, all of which cut down the figures quite materially. Therefore, the 30,500 feet claimed as a record may have to be corrected down to 28,000 and odd feet, or even 27,000.

The Homologating Body. Furthermore, even supposing the corrected height works out at 29,000 or more, and even if the altitude is passed by the Royal Aero Club as a British record, it still remains to be proved whether it is a world's record or not. The deciding authority in such a case is the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, an association with headquarters in Paris, and composed of representatives of the Aero Clubs of all nations which possess such luxuries. The F.A.I., as it is generally called, takes the evidence of all claims to records by

Wait and See. Soon after the outbreak of war, the Allies' representatives on the F.A.I. decided to hold no further communication with Germany. Indeed, one is under the impression that some of them wanted to expel Germany from the Fédération and to refuse to recognise any German records; but one can scarcely imagine a serious scientific body being so silly. It would be as if the Anthropological Society refused to recognise the Patagonians as the tallest race of men in the world because the Council of the Society disapproved of Patagonian table manners. Therefore, before claiming the Martlesham performance as a World's Record—with brass band and full musical honours—it will be just as well to wait and see what claims other countries



BUILT FOR THE BOMBING OF BERLIN, WHICH WAS PREVENTED BY THE ARMISTICE: A BIG HANDLEY-PAGE AEROPLANE—A NOSE VIEW.

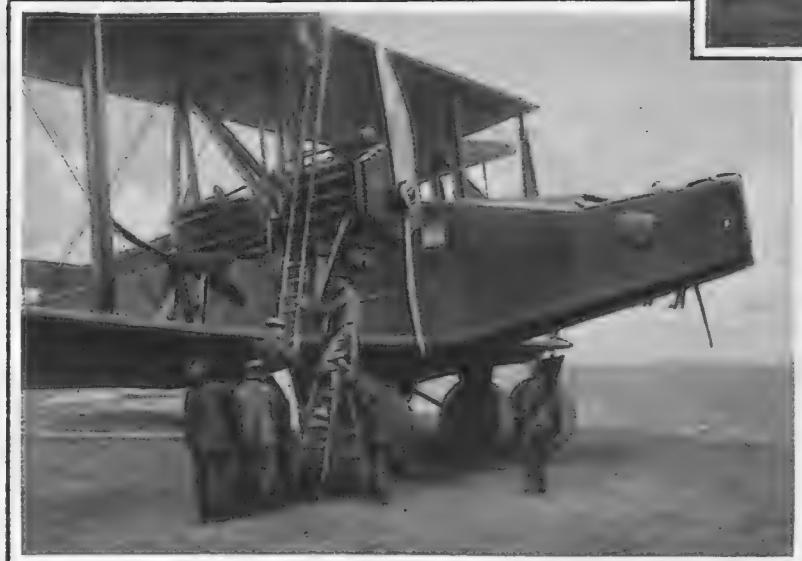
Photograph by S. and G.

put up against it, and what the true corrected height turns out to be.

A Very Fine Show.

Meantime there is no doubt that it is a very fine show indeed, and a credit to the Napier "Lion" engine, which made it possible, as well as to the D.H.9 biplane, the product of the brain of Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, and of the workshops of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of Hendon, the vast concern which is directed by Mr. Holt Thomas, the apostle of Civil Aerial Transport. Incidentally, this is by no means the first fine performance put up by the same combination, for several months ago D.H.9, with a Napier Lion, went up to over 29,000 feet (as per barograph, uncorrected) carrying a pilot and passenger and 500 lb. of "war load" in addition. This was not claimed as a record, though it probably was a record for a two-seater machine. It was merely a trial trip for the first of the "series-built" Lions—that is, the first of the first batch of engines to be put through the factory in the ordinary way.

The Napier "Lion" Engine. The Napier Lion has had rather a curious history—in fact, a history which might well be the subject of an official enquiry. It is one of the simplest and neatest engines in the world, and therefore, essentially what engineers call a "production job"—*id est*, a thing to be made in quantities. It is considerably lighter and very much more powerful than the much-boomed American "Liberty" engine. And, though it has existed for over a year, the technical "experts" of the R.A.F. have steadily refused to acknowledge its value as a war-engine. Although the Napier firm is capable of turning out Lion engines by the thousand, it has only been allowed to turn them out in tens; while the bulk of the factory has been forced to make engines of less than half the horse-power, and of official design, or designed by rival motor-manufacturers. A queer way of encouraging British enterprise and of providing the best of everything for our fighting men, is it not?



A BIG HANDLEY-PAGE "BOMBER": A SIDE VIEW.

Photograph by S. and G.

the various nations and, after comparing the figures, homologates—as it calls it—the claims.

Enemy Flight Records.

During the war there have been a number of claims to world's records, for speed, altitude, duration, etc., but none of them have been homologated by the F.A.I., which has suspended its sittings "for the duration." Only the other day there was a claim from South America that some local aviator or other had reached a height of 29,000. If one remembers aright, he was a German flying in Chile. Also there are various German claims for flights made in Germany during the war to be considered. Whether they were made by enemy aliens or not makes no difference. A record is a record, if it were made by the Devil himself. And the probability is that quite a lot of the records for 1915, 1916, and 1917 will have to be acknowledged to Germany. In such a matter as this our motto should be, in sportsmanlike fairness: *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*—and, happily, we can afford it.

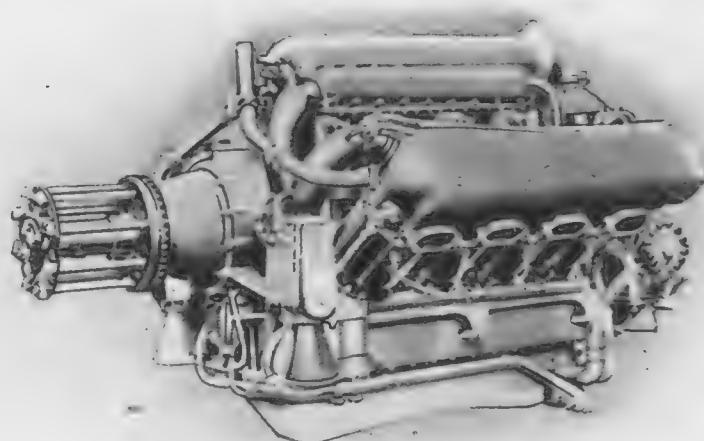
The

NAPIER

AGAIN UPHOLDS BRITISH SUPREMACY SIX MILES UP!

The greatest air feat in the world's history was accomplished on January 2 last, when Captain Lang, R.A.F., as pilot, and Lieutenant Blowes, as observer, broke the world's record in ascending to the immense height of 30,500 feet on a D.H.9 Biplane, fitted with

THE FAMOUS NAPIER AERO ENGINE (450 H.P.) KNOWN IN THE BRITISH AIR SERVICE AS THE "LION."



*The following figures are both illuminative and illustrative of what Britain's *BEST* can do :*

The first 10,000 feet were climbed in 6 minutes 18 seconds. The first 20,000 feet in 19 minutes 40 seconds.

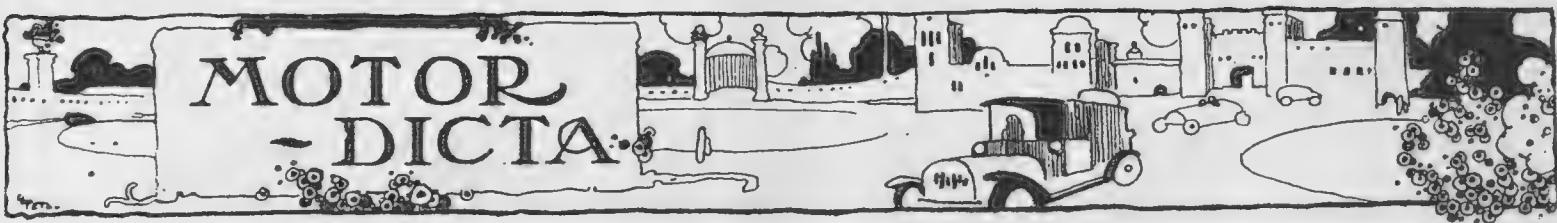
Both extraordinary and remarkable feats for a machine of this size and type.

It is only fitting that the Napier Car—the one and only British Car to have won the Gordon-Bennett Trophy—should have its prototype in the air, and uphold its reputation as

"THE PROVED BEST."

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A HOOVER CARD: THE DEMOBILISATION OF DORA. By GERALD BISS.

I HAVE received—a bit late on account of deranged mails at Yuletide—a Christmas card from the States which strikes a pathetic note of sympathy on this side of the Atlantic after the immobilised, monochlamydeous existence we have been living over here. Its greeting runs—

I've Hooverised on Pork and Beans,
And Butter, Cake, and Bread;
I've cut out Auto-riding,
And learnt to walk instead;
I've Hooverised on Sugar,
On Coal and Light and Lard;
And here's my Xmas Greeting
On a Hoover Xmas Card.

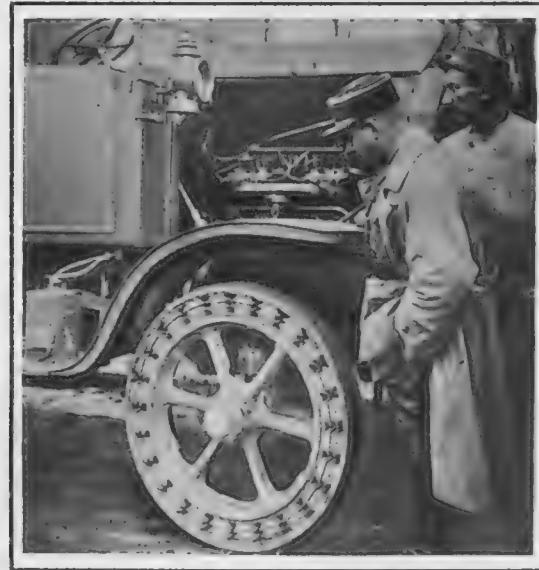
A Song of Sixpence.

Now, thank heaven, we are on the dawn of better things, though the demobilisation of Dora particle by particle, I find, tends just as much to mental jellification as did the piling of order upon order in the strenuous days of the war—Pelion out-Pelioning itself upon already over-burdened Ossa. Why can't there be a touch of moral high-explosive to unbuild the whole superstructure a bit more drastically? Last week I noted that petrol was practically released after much coyness on the part of the Berkeley bureaucracy, though that immoral sixpenny surtax blandly continues. Now I am told that the superfluous Petrol Control Department (which has little to do save collect these sixpenny impositions, like the sidesmen in a country church—weekday tradesmen in their Sabbatarian broad-cloth) is the busiest of the so-called temporary inflictions, and is snowed under with applications at the rate of ten thousand a day. Probably it will call for an increase of staff to deal with them; but just think of the glut of sixpences, if each application means fifty of the best and brightest tanners from the Mint—which will probably in its turn result in a demand for an increase of staff from that old-established permanent department, which since the disappearance of our red gold must have spent a large part of its enforced leisure

incurred by this badly arranged “gadfly” department of State is not due to him, and that things have been far better administered since he took control of an ungrateful job at best. My only fear is that, with his departure and the rush of applications, many may have to wait for their ticket-of-leave until the League of Nations has grown old and crotchety, with patriarchal side-whiskers, and decided upon a new war to make things a bit more lively.

Benzol, and Again Benzol.

Meanwhile, the sixpenny tax upon benzol—a most crude and unstatesmanlike imposition which was to have come into force a week ago—has been “suspended”; and, if we are ever again to breed statesmen in this political pandemonium, let us hope that we



AT THE HANDING OVER OF GERMAN TRANSPORT: EXAMINING THE WHEELS OF A MOTOR-LORRY—WITH SPRINGS AND AN IRON RIM OWING TO LACK OF RUBBER FOR TYRES.

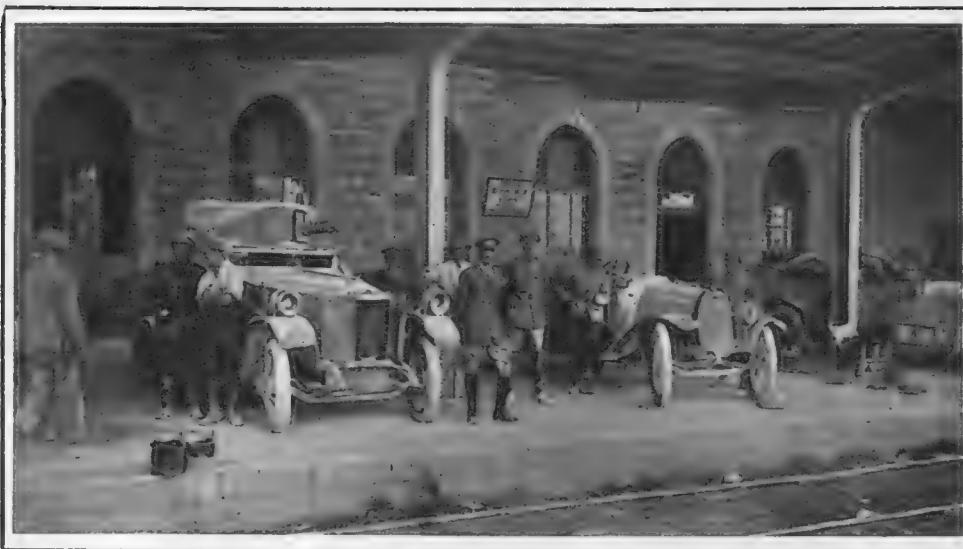
French Official Photograph.

have heard the last of such a sublime futility, just when it is vital to us as a nation to encourage any and every home-produced fuel up against the real controllers of all—the importing trusts. And once more I beg motorists to use benzol, whatever difficulties they may find at first in getting it, lest it fall into monopolistic maw or peter out little by little as a motor fuel for lack of proper encouragement at the critical moment.

The British Motor League. I hate to discourage enterprise, but I fail to see any real vital spark of originality in the projected British Motor League,

which has bobbed up again after one or two false starts during the war. If I did, I would be the first to welcome it with open arms. As I read its programme, it appears to me to be very much a replica of the “A.A.” at half-price, but without the backing or the organisation. It lacks, to my mind, not only originality, but weight behind it—and few people realise how much that means in this wicked world of prejudice and wire-pulling. I shall not be surprised if we find ere long that we are on the eve of

considerable practical developments on the part of our older-established automobile bodies—not only individually, but more or less collectively; and it is only fair to them to realise how they, like so many other peace-time factors, have been to a large extent paralysed by the war. With regard to the British Motor League I am frankly disappointed, as I had hoped for a wide and sweeping democratic programme on new and startling lines. Finally, I shall be more than interested in their plans to “alter the anti-motor tone of the daily Press,” a thing I myself have been up against in a very practical fashion for years—not to my immediate profit, and with scant success.



AT ALEPO RAILWAY STATION: A BRITISH ARMOURED CAR, AND OTHERS.
Official Photograph.

tossing for potential sovereigns, which are nowadays becoming very rare birds outside Central Africa and the South Sea Islands.

A “Gadfly” Department. The latest of these dissected collapses of once domineering Dora is the announcement of the resignation of Little Man Jones Evan, Controller Petrol, as they style him in his native Cambria, either on account of this sudden rush of overwork or because he has nothing to do. It is an encouraging sign of impending break-up; anyhow, as is the valedictory “C.B.” to Mr. P. C. L. Webb amongst the New Year Honours; and of Sir Evan Jones it must be said that any odium



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*"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen."*

MOTOR FUEL CAMPAIGN

THE Motoring Community has long been unfairly penalised by costly and irritating fluctuations in petrol prices. It is reasonable and necessary that supplies and prices of Motor Fuel should be as steady and fair as those of Gas and Electricity.

The part played by the Motoring Community during the war entitles it to ask that all benzol-producing firms, all Gas Corporations who established Gas-Washing Benzol-Producing Plants to meet war requirements, and Shale Oil Spirit Producers, shall be encouraged and assisted to continue their work.

IT is vital to the Motoring Community that there shall be:

STATE REGULATION OF PRICES OF ALL MOTOR FUEL. STATE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PRODUCTION OF MOTOR FUEL WHEREVER POSSIBLE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

To obtain these advantages it is necessary:

- (a) To press for immediate State action.
- (b) To obtain standard specifications for home-produced Motor Fuels.
- (c) To encourage production at home or within the Empire of industrial alcohol as a constituent Motor Fuel.
- (d) To combat, and obtain State assistance in preventing the danger of home-produced Fuels being manipulated or controlled by any Trust.
- (e) To obtain State prohibition of exports of home-produced Fuel except supplies surplus to national needs.



FOR this far-reaching campaign to succeed, the active help of motorists within their Parliamentary Boroughs and Divisions is essential. All members and supporters of the Automobile Association who can assist in organising that active help when the time arrives, are asked to sign and return the appended offer. To those who do so details will be issued from time to time concerning the suggested action to be taken within their Constituencies, so that the full advantages of combined effort may be obtained. The trouble involved will be small. The financial outlay nil.

CUT HERE

To the Secretary, The Automobile Association and Motor Union, Fanum House, Whitcombe Street, W.C. 2.	
<i>I undertake, as far as may be in my power, to assist in the conduct of the Motor Fuel campaign, as outlined above.</i>	
Name..... Address..... Membership No..... Parliamentary Borough..... Date.....	

The Starting and Lighting System of your Post-War Car.

EVERY Motorist will demand perfection and efficiency in every detail of his post-war car. He will want a Starting and Lighting System of undeniably good qualities, and in the **Smith Starting and Lighting System** he will find everything he desires.

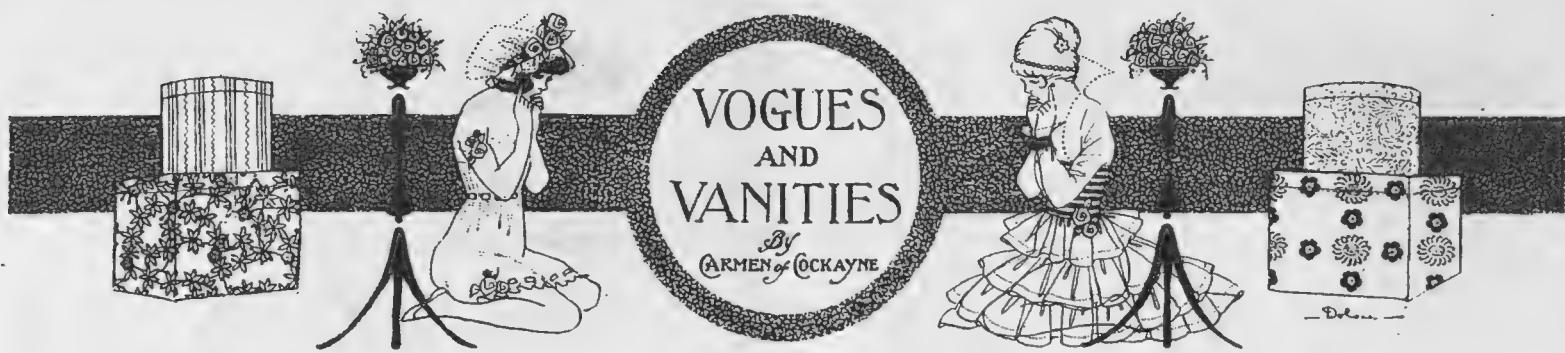
The Smith System is paramount among electrical apparatus for motor-cars, combining a **powerful, positive, automatic starter device**, working conjointly with a **proved never-failing lighting system**. An unusually high standard of efficiency and serviceability is embodied in the Smith System because of the many distinct and improved features it possesses.

The **Smith Starting and Lighting System** worthily upholds the great reputation of the greatest Motor Accessories house in the world, and will form an integral part of the equipment of most of the post-war cars.

Write to day to Messrs. S. SMITH & SONS (M.A.), Ltd., 179-185, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, for a copy of their little booklet, "A New Era in Motoring," which describes in detail the Smith Starting and Lighting System.



**Smith's
Starting & Lighting
System**



Winter Clothes. You would think, wouldn't you, that clothes—at any rate, winter clothes—would be of the kind useful for helping to shield the wearer from the chilly attentions of winter? Not a bit of it. There are pessimists who deplore what they call the irresponsible spirit of the age. One can't help thinking that modern fashion must have had something to do with their opinion. Clothes were meant to cover, but you would never think so to look at some of the choicest creations of the fashion artist, more especially those intended for evening wear. What there is of them is really beautiful, but then there is so little. When you've got something that's slung from below the armpits by dangerously

thin-looking shoulder-straps, and that considers it has done its duty when the knee of the wearer is partially if not wholly hidden from the world, you can't accuse either the artist or the wearer of being extravagant in material. A little more—or less—and extremes would meet with results one hates to think of.

Back to Beads. Fashion has not yet got down to the beautiful simplicity of "a shell or bangle rare, a feather here, a feather there" affected, as Gilbert told us, by the genial islanders of the South Pacific, but it does seem as if we were getting back to a simplicity that may prove embarrassing

No; it's not a head-dress, but a lampshade made of shaded roses and crystal beads.

sing if someone doesn't step in to put an end to the process. Only the other day a distinguished visitor to this country was described as being dressed in grey beads. Of course, it was all a mistake, but there is some excuse for the error. When you have beads doing sleeve duty in the way Dolores illustrates to-day, it doesn't require much of an effort of imagination to raise them to the level of a frock material—and, frankly, they would probably serve the purpose quite as well as some of the chiffon or tulle creations of the moment, and last much longer into the bargain.

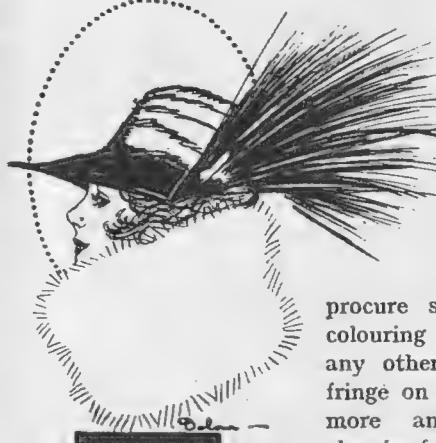
Coming Events.

All sorts of exciting rumours are floating round concerning changes in the dress world in the near future. If coming events cast their shadows before, then it's certain that the spring models will be slender in the extreme. But there can't very well be less of them than there is now if any semblance to a frock is to be maintained; and, as authorities are confident that for many years to come, women won't want to wear the kind of gowns that will help to remind them of the war, it is quite likely that whatever changes there are will deal with details and non-essentials.

Prices Up.

Meantime, it is rather a blow to learn that peace prices for clothes are likely to be even higher than those charged when "owing to the war" covered such a multitude of sins. Silks are up twenty-

five per cent., and the smartest frocks, as most women know, are made of silk in one form or another; and both the rise and the vogue date from after the eleventh of November, so somebody's going to benefit.

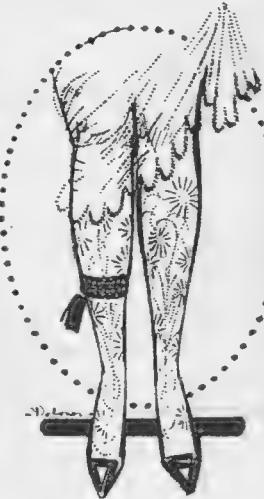
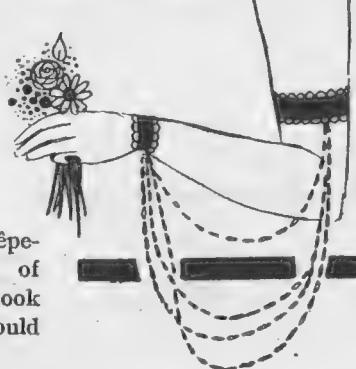


A coal-scuttle hat has a silver tissue crown.

ployed. "Take two substances, as different as possible, and combine them in one frock" seems to be the working principle of the dress artist, and it must be admitted that it usually yields very successful results. The commonplace is usually dull, but never duller than when you find it cropping up in clothes.

The Smoking Coat.

The smoking-coat is the latest arrival in the world of dress, and has all the charm that attaches to novelty. It has many virtues unsuspected by the critics, who merely see a fresh inducement to extravagance in every new thing devised to stimulate a woman's interest in her personal appearance. But the smoking-coat is entirely free from vice. Indirectly, it may quite well serve as a check on unconsidered spending. Usually loose and straight, and made of chiffon velvet lined with some brightly coloured crêpe-de-Chine, it has the virtue of making a time-expired dress look positively fresh and up-to-date. Could any coat do more?



Silver thread, so fashionable for frock embroidery, has come down to stockings.

The Latest Vagary. It is not always easy to account for the vagaries of the mode, and

it is difficult to advance any convincing reason in favour of the adoption of silk stockings embroidered in gold or silver thread, or both. The metal threads inside the stocking—and the best embroiderers in the world can't prevent them from getting through—tend to produce a feeling of irritation anything but comfortable. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," however, is a saying that is quite as true now as when it was first uttered. After all, what's the good of being a woman if you can't be fashionable?



A new place for pearls is on one's boudoir cap.

Even if one does see the world darkly through a black fringe, it does not matter much, if the beauty of one's eyes is increased thereby.

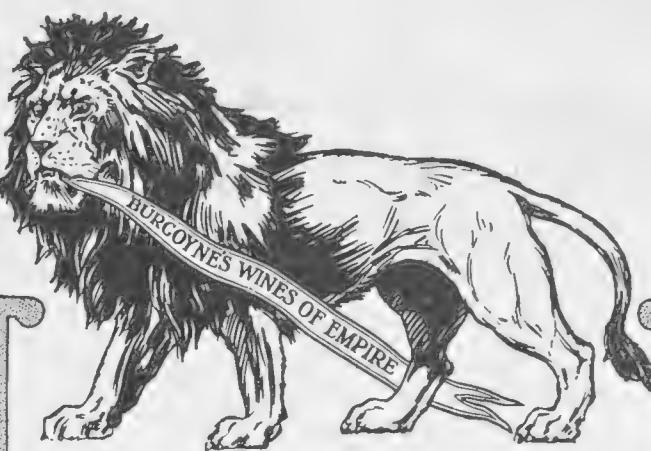
are likely to be even higher than those charged when "owing to the war" covered such a multitude of sins. Silks are up twenty-

When sleeves are not bands of black velvet, strings of beads do duty instead.

While supplies of Beef are limited, fall back upon Concentrated Beef.

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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.



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VINEYARDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

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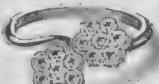
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MOUNTED IN
FINE PALLADIUM**



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TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE.
MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT APPROVED.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



Choose this Phat-Pheet Shoe

for better wear in the house. It will give endless comfort and incomparable service. Little feet flying about indoors will scarcely realise they are shod, so light and flexible is this Phat-Pheet model—so free from the unwelcome clatter of outdoor shoes. The inside of the shoe is as perfect as the outside—it is good all through. No. 725 comes in tan, and No. 725G in grey glacé. The latter is a delightful model to wear with any shade of party frock. In X fitting only for extra wide feet.



No. 725

Sizes and Prices:

3-3½	4-5	5½-7	7½-10	10½-12	12½-1	11-2
725	10/6	11/6	12/3	13/-	14/-	15/-
725G	—	10/6	11/3	12/-	13/-	14/-

Cash orders of 10/- or more post free.

Write for Sample Shoe & the Phat-Pheet Booklet.

Daniel Neal & Sons Limited

Dept. 17—126 Kensington High Street
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Fitting Rooms also at 68-70 Edgware Rd. W.2; 124 Kensington High St. W.8; & 123 High St. Putney S. W.15

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Very Low. I always said there should be a competent woman in charge of the descriptions of our royal ladies' clothes on State occasions. Who, in describing the Queen's dress at the banquet for President Wilson, was responsible for "cut very low"? Her Majesty wore the standard low bodice of Court etiquette, which, like the alleged laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not. The bodices worn at the smart restaurants do alter, and that in some instances towards the vanishing point. It is good for economy in material, now very costly; and it is good for the enterprises of the 'flu and broncho-asthma microbes—and good for nothing else! The fashion is far from becoming. The low bodice prescribed for Court dress by Queen Victoria was designed to show the beauty of a well-moulded, white, satin-like neck, bust, and arms. What the varied very low bodices of the restaurants show in no wise answers to these descriptions!

Hymen Busy. Wedding-bells will ring out gaily this year. The Chapel Royal, St. James's, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, may both be called upon for royal nuptial peals—aye, and one of them more than once, perhaps! In our high nobility there are two Dukes' daughters and two Earls' daughters prospective brides, and one Earl's heir a bridegroom to be; while the heirs to two Baronies are engaged. I am told that many more engagements than those announced are in being, but demobilisation interferes as to possible dates for weddings, and engagements are not announced nowadays long before the actual event. Weddings will be on the old lines—smart motor-cars, beautiful bridal dresses, bridesmaids according to well-thought-out scheme, wedding-presents not camouflaged, smart frocks, and smart folk. They will be according to the pre-war adage: "No girl has many weddings, so her first must be a great occasion."

The Twins of Our Friends. We are all very busy again photographing our friends, our friends' babies, our friends' January primroses, and other things that are our friends'. Happily, cameras do not now crack friendships, as was



Blue brocade trimmed with white fox, and a kokoshnik-shaped hat, form a very smart tout-ensemble.

sometimes the case in more experimental days. It was then quite common for eighteen to be made to look forty, and a sylph-like form tubby. No common friendship would hold firm against such accidents. Nowadays, with an Ensign camera and Ensign films—which, by the way, fit any camera, and can be had of any photographic dealer, or from Houghton's, 88, High Holborn, W.C. 1—one may cheerfully snap one's best friends' twins, and earn the gratitude of both parents by presenting them with a perfect little picture. The mother may remark that you have failed to denote the right number of hairs in the younger baby's left eyelash. The male parent will say, "That's an all-British Ensign bit, and, by George, it's first rate!"

Pro Bono Publico. There will be trouble (I am sure of it, and I am no pessimist—I was not brought up that way) if something is not done speedily to relieve the strain on getting about London. The struggle to enter Tube, District, or 'bus is enough to shatter into little bits the valves, ventricles, muscles, and other things that control the human heart. No one can say that the public has not been lamb-like over being penned like sheep during the war. Why, it has apologised for wearing any flesh at all; and when it wore a lot it has been consumed with humility. Now it is getting extremely fractious because the war is over, and it wants to move about once more without miniature wars over every journey. There are oceans of petrol—that is conceded; but dear Dora still sits on the casks, and won't let too many be opened.

[Continued overleaf.]

URODONAL

DOUBLE

your pleasure in life by ensuring PERFECT DIGESTION and GOOD HEALTH.

MANY sufferers believe themselves to be the victims of chronic dyspepsia, and are consequently depressed. That is because they are suffering from indigestion in one or other of its many forms, but especially **acidity**, and, after trying scores of so-called "cures," fail to obtain relief.

The means of once more obtaining and retaining good health and a good digestion is within the reach of everyone. The reason that no benefit is derived from many of the remedies usually tried is that they fail to reach the root of the trouble—which in nine cases out of ten is probably due to Uric Acid, that most deadly of poisons which attack the human system.

URODONAL, the most powerful known solvent and eliminator of Uric Acid, expels this poison from the system, thus purifying the blood and restoring to the various organs of the body their ability of performing the functions allotted to them by Nature for the maintenance of perfect health.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, 5/- and 12/-, from the British Agents, HEPPELLS, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full descriptive literature sent post free on application to HEPPELLS.

THE NEW SWIFT "12"

Swift of Coventry, Ltd., have pleasure in announcing their New Peace Model, which will be produced in addition to the popular 10 h.p. and 15 h.p. cars. The New Swift will be of

12 h.p. with a 4-cyl. Engine

and combine every feature of modern high-grade car practice, including dynamo lighting and electric self-starter. This new model will arrive with the O.K. of automobile experts, and those who recognise a sound engineering production. It will dominate the market by sheer value in its particular class.

Write us to-day for particulars.

SWIFT OF COVENTRY, Ltd.

COVENTRY.

LONDON:
132 & 134,
Long Acre,
W.C. 2.



DUBLIN:
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Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE
IN THE DARK.

9-ct. Gold
£9 10 0

Solid Silver,
£4 0 0

18-ct. Gold.
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WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH WHITE OR BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

Owing to war difficulties the supply of "Vigil" Silk is limited, because it cannot be manufactured so easily as cotton material. However, it can be obtained from the majority of the leading drapers. If you have any difficulty write direct to the manufacturers, Walker Bros., Ravensthorpe Mills, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, giving the name and address of the Draper you usually deal with.



The same sweet "Vigil" will be yours if you make it into nighties.

"VIGIL" is a British-made washing silk—
pure throughout. Not being weighted with tin nor cheapened by cotton, great economy lies in its wonderful durability. Manufactured in the most delightful pastel shades, plain white, khaki, and stripes.

An ideal silk for dainty wear.

Look for the word "Vigil" on the Selvedges.

8/11 per yard
40 in. wide

Vigil
THE PURE SILK

"Vigil" Blouses. Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of "Vigil" Silk. Ask your Draper to show you styles.



Every boy should have a copy of "THE STORY OF THE SAILOR SUIT" Showing in pen and picture the Uniforms of British Tars in every period of history. Send a postcard for a free copy of Booklet No. 2 to Wm. Rowe & Co., Gosport.



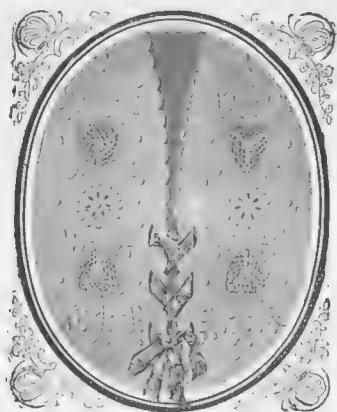
THE RIGHT KIND OF
BOY DRESSED IN THE
RIGHT KIND OF CLOTHES!
THAT IS YOUR SON IN
A "ROWE" SAILOR SUIT.

Absolute correctness of detail and cut, incomparable materials and finish have given the House of Rowe a world-wide reputation and the patronage of Royalty is an undeniable proof of the high standard and style always followed.

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78 HIGH ST. GOSPORT

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Front portion of Bel-Broid Night-gown showing one of the exquisite Hand-embroidered Designs.

Hand-Embroidered Lingerie

White Bel-Broid is now supplied on request in the world-famed Tarantulle. Soft, serviceable, and exquisitely white, it is more than ever worthy of its lovely Belgian embroidery.

SELECTION ON APPROVAL.

Kindly state whether simple or elaborate garments, and send remittance for approximate cost as deposit, and we will forward a selection on approval. Made in Pink, Helio, Lemon, Sky, and White. Prices below.

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SPECIMEN PRICES:
Camisoles from 5/9;
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This BUTTERFLY TRADE MARK
appears on the Selling
Ticket on every
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Address: Madame J. Belgembroid Lingerie Co.
(Late Jeanne de Neve Sisters)
MONAGHAN.



A CERTAIN unscrupulous individual having secured a number of empty Anzora bottles has filled them with a poor substitute, and is foisting the result upon the public as the genuine Anzora. Much as we admire his cunning, we think it only fair to warn readers of the *Sketch* against this specious fraud, particularly as many wounded soldiers have been amongst his victims. When purchasing see that the label bears the names of "Anzora Cream" or "Anzora Viola." Refuse Imitations.

There is not "just as good as Anzora." Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by all chemists, hairdressers' stores and military canteens.

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MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co.,
28, 32, 34, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.



HAVING completed our contracts for the supply of war material we are immediately resuming the production of the peace-time goods for which the House of Newey has been famous for over a century.

In small things as well as great ladies should insist on British production, and Newey's specialities are BRITISH throughout.

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All the leading Costumiers and Dressmakers use Newey's; they are rustless and absolutely reliable.

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Scientifically constructed in a variety of shapes and sizes.

OF ALL DRAPERS.

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The FLOROZON INHALER

A New
Invention
to Cure
Asthma,
Catarrh,
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CHEST, LUNG
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TROUBLES,
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CATARRH.

Read the
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NO DRUGS TO TAKE.

By the prompt use of this wonderful health-giver, Flu, Colds, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh, etc., are checked and thus prevent such dangerous complications as Pleurisy, Pneumonia, etc., etc.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.

Obtainable from all Chemists; Army & Navy; Taylor's Drug Co., Leeds and Branches; and all other Stores, &c. Price 10/6 complete, or direct from—

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WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.

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2 x 2 yds.	34/6
2 x 2½	43/-
2 x 3	52/-
2½ x 2½	55/6
2½ x 3	66/6
2½ x 3½	78/-
2½ x 4	89/-

NAPKINS
to match.

Per doz.	
Breakfast size	46/6
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Snowdrop and Lily of the
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throughout
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2½ x 2½	55/6
3½ x 3	66/6
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No. C 868.
Shamrock Scroll.

SALE PRICES.



NEXT TERM

JANUARY to April—with thirteen weeks of every kind of weather in between; for these thirteen weeks your Boy is at School, beyond your personal reach or care, dependent upon others for protection of health and physical development.

You cannot be there to see that he is "dressed for the weather"; that he wears his overcoat or raincoat, changes when wet.

But—you can provide him with under-clothing—the right sort of underwear—good Scotch wool garments that neither shrink nor felt—underwear that is an insurance against chills and consequences. Put underwear first in importance when looking through your Boy's Kit. If new garments are wanted, buy early, as there is only a limited stock of the quality that we consider good enough for the purpose.

If you get it at Rowes,
it is correct.

Rowe & Co., 106 New Bond St.,
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ROWE

2072

Lotus

ACE shoes are still scarce but lace boots, like the one engraved here, are now in good supply at all the shops appointed to sell Lotus and Delta.

They are glace kid leather boots, with black all-wool cloth tops, that keep the feet warm and dry on cold wet days. They are good comfortable boots, fitting as neatly as though made to measure and costing far less than boots with leather tops.

Lotus, with welted soles, cost 30/- a pair; Delta, with machine sewn soles, 27/6.

At these prices it will be very difficult if not impossible to beat these boots for value during the January sales.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
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After Four
Years' Neglect

Redecorate Your House.

For this purpose
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"Pearline" Enamels

perfect. Will you allow
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SOWDEN'S JANUARY SALE.

SUITS & TOPCOATS to Measure
3000 yards PRE-WAR QUALITY.

Suits from 6 gns. Topcoats from 6 gns.

26, SACKVILLE STREET, W.1. *Est. 22 Years.*

**The
SUPER
BRAND** **Spinet** **MIXTURE
AND
CIGARETTES**



THE farmer's patience in tilling the soil, the slow ripening of the barley in the sunshine, the careful milling of the choicest grain at Castleford in Yorkshire are the stages that bring to perfection Fawcett's Natural Process Barley. This is the very finest preparation of barley obtainable, and for use in diluting babies' milk, and as an easily digested food for invalids and elderly people, is valued everywhere by doctors, mothers, and nurses.

Fawcett's Natural Process Barley is Barley at its purest.

It is never touched by hand, nothing is added, and there is no chemical treatment, just the best of British barley, prepared by a real natural process.

Of all high-class retailers, in 1lb. & ½lb. tins.

FAWCETT'S Barley Food Specialist
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.

*A farmer's life is the life for me,
So on the land I'm going
To plough the fields and sow the seed
And wait till the grain starts growing.*

White City CIGARETTES

"Oh; the little more—

and how much it is; and the little less, and what worlds away."

—BROWNING.

It is the "little more" care in selecting the tobacco; the little more severity in throwing out all but the most perfect leaf; the little more attention given to every detail of manufacture that gives the "White City" Cigarettes their distinctive flavour, their mildness, their aroma.

In boxes of **20** for **1/4**, **50** for **3/4**.

Sold by Selfridges, Whiteleys, John Barker's and many of the leading Tobacconists.



GODFREY PHILLIPS, LIMITED, LONDON.

*Write to-day
for Catalogue
of Novelties,
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LOVELY ENGAGEMENT RINGS

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177 to 183
REGENT ST.
LONDON
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*Their Majesties Jeweller,
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No. B 305.

Fine Diamond and Palladium Set Gold Ring, £42 10s.
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Fine Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring, Gold and Palladium mounted, £25.
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Lovely Whole Pearl, Diamond and Palladium "Solitaire" Rings, £28 15s., £32 10s., £37 10s., £42, £72 10s.



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Fine Diamond Half-Hoop £19 10s., £32 10s. and £45 10s.



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Fine Diamond and Pearl, £52 10s.
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Square-Cut Diamond, Sapphire and Palladium Ring, £25 10s.



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Diamond, Pearl, 18-ct. Gold and Palladium, £11 18s. 6d.

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REGULAR "VOGUE & VALUE" STOCK

SALE

ENDS SATURDAY NEXT

Useful Coat for house and general wear, in wool and silk mixture, shot effects of grey and pink, blue and green, mauve and champagne, brown and amethyst. Good range of shades to tone with tweeds. Sale price... 33/9



The success of our First Week of Sale compelled us to close last Saturday. This enabled us so to rearrange and mark down our regular stocks for final clearance, that our Salon displays now offer practically all the advantages of a First Week.

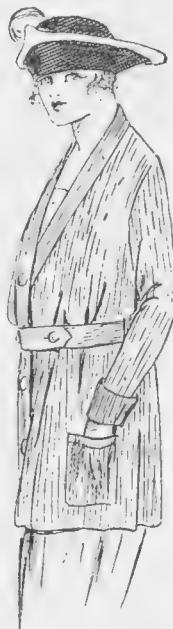
Do not miss the handsome, original Model Costumes and Coats. Prices are practically halved.

COSTUMES in covert, grey Frieze, purple, navy, and mole Serves. All the newest shapes. Original price 6/- Gns. To be cleared at 99/6

A few pairs fine black glace kid half-brogued Lace Shoes. Medium toes. Leather heels. Usual price 35/6. Sale 25/9

50 check wool scarves in brown, navy and saxe, also black 15/6

All wool ribbed hose in dark heather mixtures for country wear. Per pair 6/6 3 pairs for 18/-



Pure Wool House Cardigans in brown, camel, grey, saxe, sky, and bottle green, worth 39/6 to-day 25/6

Gooch's Ltd.

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.

LAST FEW DAYS OF THE "NEW YEAR" SALE TERMINATING JANUARY 18.

FINAL REDUCTIONS IN DEPARTMENTS.

EXAMPLES:

COSTUMES. "Rugby": very attractive Tailor-made in Blue Serge and a variety of coloured Tweeds. Lined throughout. Sale Price 7 Gns.

COATS. "Scarboro." Stylish model in Black, Blue, Brown and Mauve Velour Cloth, lined Silk Brocade, large cape and flounce of Mole Coney Seal. Sale Price 14 Gns.

BLouses. Well-tailored Japshan Shirt. In Brown, Pink, Grey and Natural. Sale Price 10/6

SPORTS COATS. 50 Articial Silk Sports Coats. All this season's colourings. Usually 65/- to 5½ Gns. All Reduced to 35/-

LADIES' VESTS. 100 only Chemise Vests, V neck and short sleeves, very soft, in Cream only, lace at neck. Sale Price 4/11

LADIES' BOOTS. A few pairs of strong Boots for winter wear. In large sizes only, 7, 7½, and 8. Sale Price 21/-

LADIES' UMBRELLAS. 50 doz. Ladies' Umbrellas, assorted handles, good covers. Usual Price 15/6. Sale Price 12/6

GENTS' DRESSING GOWNS. In Grey, Fawn and Navy, excellent value, very warm and comfortable. Usual Price 35/6. Sale Price 28/6

MACKINTOSH COATS. The celebrated light-weight "Aquarius" Coats, reduced from 42/-. Sale Price 30/- With belt 32/6

KHAKI MUFFLERS. Khaki Wool Mufflers. Usual Price 3/11. Sale Price 2/11

GENTS' SHIRTS. Men's Striped Flannel Shirts, neat designs, to button or link. Usual Price 15/6. Sale Price 11/-

SHEETS. Very Special Offer of 150 pairs Bleached Cotton Sheets. Single bed size, 2½ by 3½ yds. Sale Price 19/6 per pair

Hemstitched Cotton Sheets, fine make. Laundered ready for use. Both sheets hemstitched. Single Bed size Sale Price 21/- pr. Medium " " 23/6 " Double " " 27/6 "

CUTLERY DEPT. Imitation Ivory Carvers. Square or round handles. Usual Price 7/6. Sale Price 5/6

CIVIL SERVICE STORES in the HAYMARKET, S.W.

London's Up-to-Date "Shopping Club," of which everyone who desires Highest Value and Quality is a MEMBER FREE WITHOUT TICKETS

Walpole
89
90 NEW BOND ST. W.1.
BROS LTD.

SALE BARGAIN

Price 28/6

Colour, Pink only.

Sizes: 42, 44, 46, and 48.



EXCLUSIVE SMART SHIRT

in British Silk of exceptionally heavy texture that will wash repeatedly without impoverishment. The fabric is remarkably soft, and of surprising warmth. Designed with a view to freedom of movement without loss of smartness, the model has a style entirely its own, and bears the "Walpole" touch of distinction throughout—the perfect finish being such as to appeal to the most fastidious of dress connoisseurs.

One Blouse only, as illustrated, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

BURBERRY COMPLETED SUITS

are READY TO PUT ON. They afford a convenient and thoroughly satisfactory means by which the sportsman can equip himself in a few minutes for his favourite recreation.

Burberry Completed Suits are made in so many sizes that practically any figure can be smartly and correctly fitted without trouble or loss of time.

Materials for Burberry Completed Suits include every description of the finest quality obtainable, in addition to many exclusive Burberry Weatherproof Cloths, which are unrivalled for distinction and durability.

Complete Mufti or Military Kits in 2 to 4 days or ready for immediate Use.

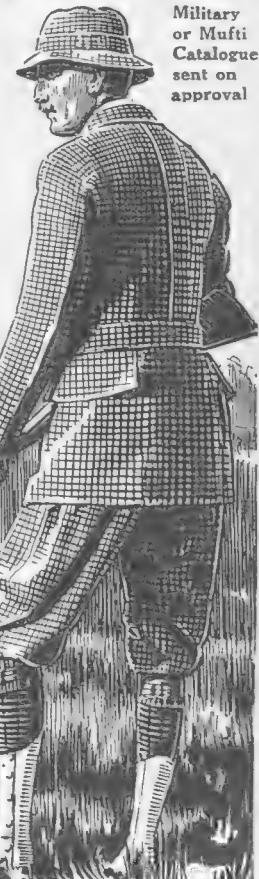
Topcoats and Suits cleaned by Burberry processes Weatherproof garments reprooved. Prices on application. Till Peace is signed, Officers' Service Burberry Weatherproofs cleaned and reprooved FREE OF CHARGE.

BURBERRYS 1919 SALE

Weatherproof Topcoats, Suits, Gowns and Hats, for men and women.

DURING JANUARY.

List of bargains on request.



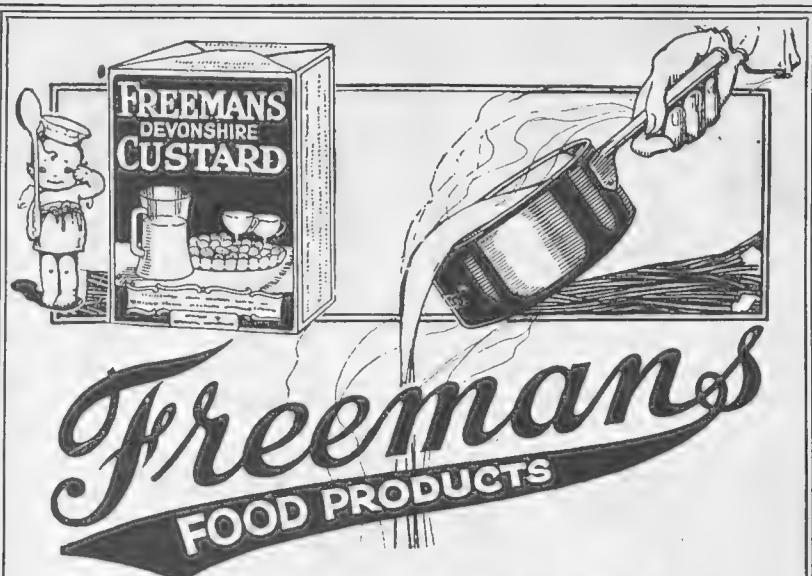
Military or Mufti Catalogue sent on approval



Burberry Sports Suit Jacket, as illustrated, or choice of many other workmanlike models.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON S.W. 1.

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS: Basingstoke and Provincial Agents.



CUSTARD

YOU can transform even the plainest pudding into a rich, appetising sweet if you serve it with Freemans Custard. Like all the other good things which come from Delectaland, Freemans Devonshire Custard combines the most delightful flavouring with important food properties and the highest nutritive value. As delicious as home-made custard—but costing less—it is made more quickly. Served hot, it is most delicious.

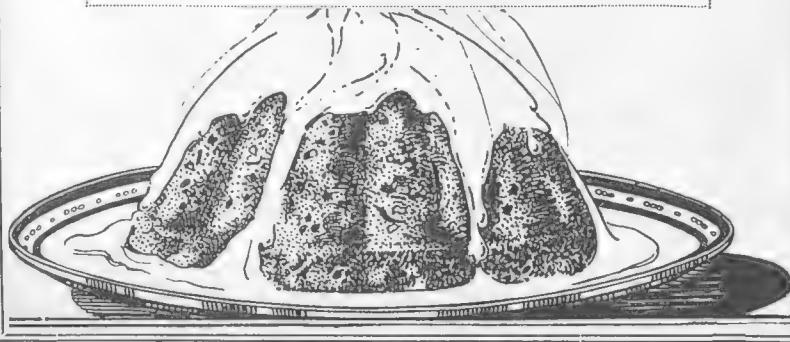
MADE IN
DELECTALAND
Where Pure Foods come from.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO.
LTD

(Managing Director - - G. HAVINDEN).

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocca and
Freemans Food Products.

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.



Aristocracy in Dress

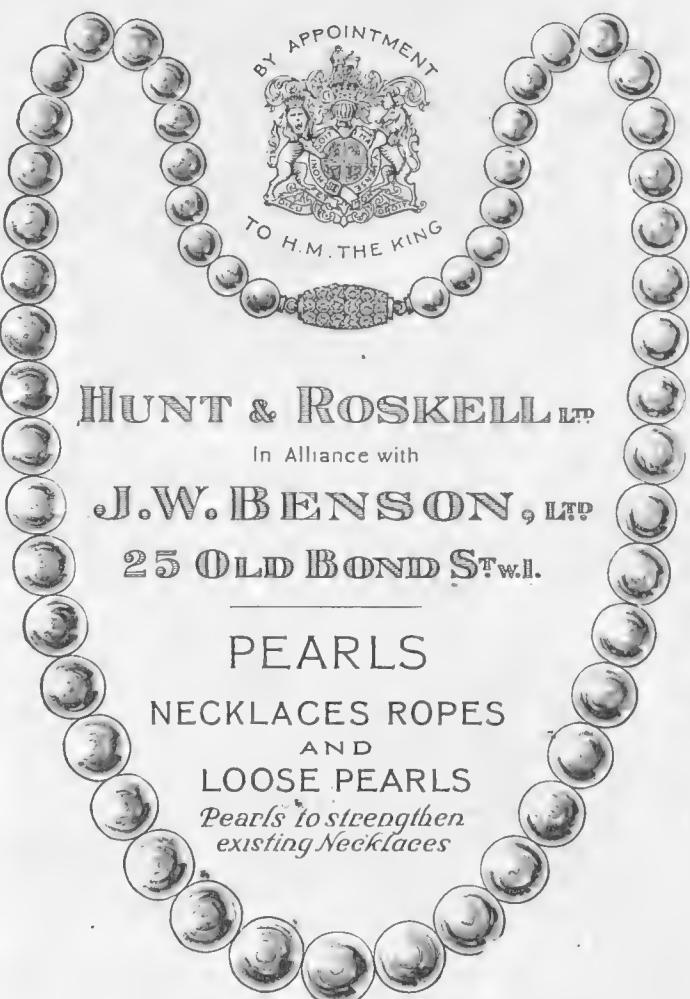
Do you want to look like everybody else or do you prefer that others should wish to look like you?

An air of distinction and style is imparted to wearers of
LISTA PURE SILK •



Guaranteed and Manufactured by
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Manningham Mills, BRADFORD.

LISTA
PURE SILK



HUNT & ROSKELL LTD.

In Alliance with

J.W. BENSON, LTD.

25 OLD BOND ST. W.1.

PEARLS

NECKLACES ROPES

AND

LOOSE PEARLS

Pearls to strengthen
existing Necklaces

SESEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere"
says:—
"A row of
wonderful Sessel
reproduction
Pearls will amply
satisfy even the
most fastidious
taste."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

From £2 : 2 : 0

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case, £4 : 4 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from
SESEL (Bourne, Ltd.),
14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander"
says:—
"In colour,
weight, and
general appear-
ance there is ab-
solutely nothing
to choose between
the two pieces."

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From £2 : 2 : 0



FOR THE NURSE

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(with Glycerine)
is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use; a good sized bottle costing only 1/1½ will last you some time. From all Chemists and Stores.



PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly IMPROVED
by just a touch of "La-rola
Rose Bloom," which gives
a perfectly natural tint to
the cheeks. No one can
tell it is artificial. It gives
the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa, England

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL

"Every year, I may say every month, of my life I am more deeply convinced of the importance of Shorthand as an almost indispensable study to young men and young women whatever their profession may be. PITMAN'S is, for practical purposes, the only system of shorthand."

If you will invest a little of your time each evening this Winter, it will yield you rich dividends in the days to come.

Pitman's is the "Gilt-edged" System—the one you can confidently invest in.

Pitman's Shorthand

"Pitman's Shorthand, Rapid Course," of all Booksellers, price 2/6, or with additional exercises, 4/-. Free lesson and interesting booklet post free from Pitman's School, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, or Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

Not merely because they are nice, but mainly because they are nourishing, you should eat plenty of sweets and chocolates. But they must be good; they should be Pascall's—the purest and best of their kind

Pascall Confectionery

SWEETS AND CHOCOLATES

There are still not enough to go round, but get your share from good-class Confectioners everywhere.

JAMES PASCALL, LTD.,
LONDON, S.E.



Rat-tat-tat That's the milk!

Every morning without fail. And we rarely think of the work it has meant—the early milking, the drive to the little station in the grey of the morning the swift train journey to the city, the busy porters.

Our part is to extract the greatest possible value from our limited supply. And to do it we contrive delicious combinations with Corn Flour, making sustaining body-building dishes.

Johnston's Patent Corn Flour in the house means a constant variety of dainty, tempting moulds and custards, quick-to-dinner pancakes and puddings, light, wholesome cakes and enhanced food value to soups, stews and gravies.

JOHNSTON'S CORNFLOUR

J. & G. JOHNSTON, LTD.
PAISLEY; and
29, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
LONDON, E.C.

Continued.

Well, well—let us hope that a cask will go off and blow Dora up, and release all its fellows *pro bono publico*.

Kiddies' Year. This is kiddies' year: fathers will see more of their children than they have through all our four years and ninety-nine days of dire stress and struggle. Some fathers will see their kiddies and be with them for the first time. Therefore mothers are, if that is possible, more than ever particular to turn their little people out perfectly. The border-line between dressing a child like a delicious little human and an artificial-looking little puppet is very narrow; some mothers quite unknowingly cross it to the wrong side. Safe and sure it is to entrust the matter to Rowe and Co., 106, New Bond Street, where children are dressed as kiddies, and that with perfect comfort to themselves and perfect effect to all beholders. We are not nowadays restricted to a few styles for boys' and girls' clothes; there are many, and all are picturesque, while few are conspicuous. The latter is what a normal healthy-minded child hates to be, and it is what Rowe will see that he or she is not.

A Watch and a Will. "What on earth is that?" This question was caused by a distinct tinkle emanating from the person of the friend I was talking to. "Bless my buttons," said he, "it must be half-past three." It was, and what about

SUBMARINE "STRAFING" AT 74.

Mr. Justice Hill and Mr. Justice Roche, sitting in different Courts for the trial of Admiralty actions yesterday, had before them as witnesses two submersible mariners who have won distinction by courageous action against German U-boats.

In the first case the witness was Captain Angus Keay, who was awarded the D.S.C. for ramming a submarine U-boat. O.B.E. was given to the commanding officer of a transport. The second witness was Captain W. S. Lobb, aged 73, who on his 73rd birthday successfully beat off an enemy submarine and was awarded the D.S.C. He also holds the O.B.E. for other war services.

This cutting exemplifies only one of many deeds of heroism performed by the men of the Merchant Service during the War.

It is men like these who need your help

Are you willing to let their courage and endurance go unrewarded? Even a small contribution from every reader of *The Sketch* will enable us to provide for a number of brave men who are at this moment in desperate need of assistance to save them from dire want and destitution. Fill in the form below and send the utmost you can afford, and **send it to-day**.

CONTRIBUTION FORM.

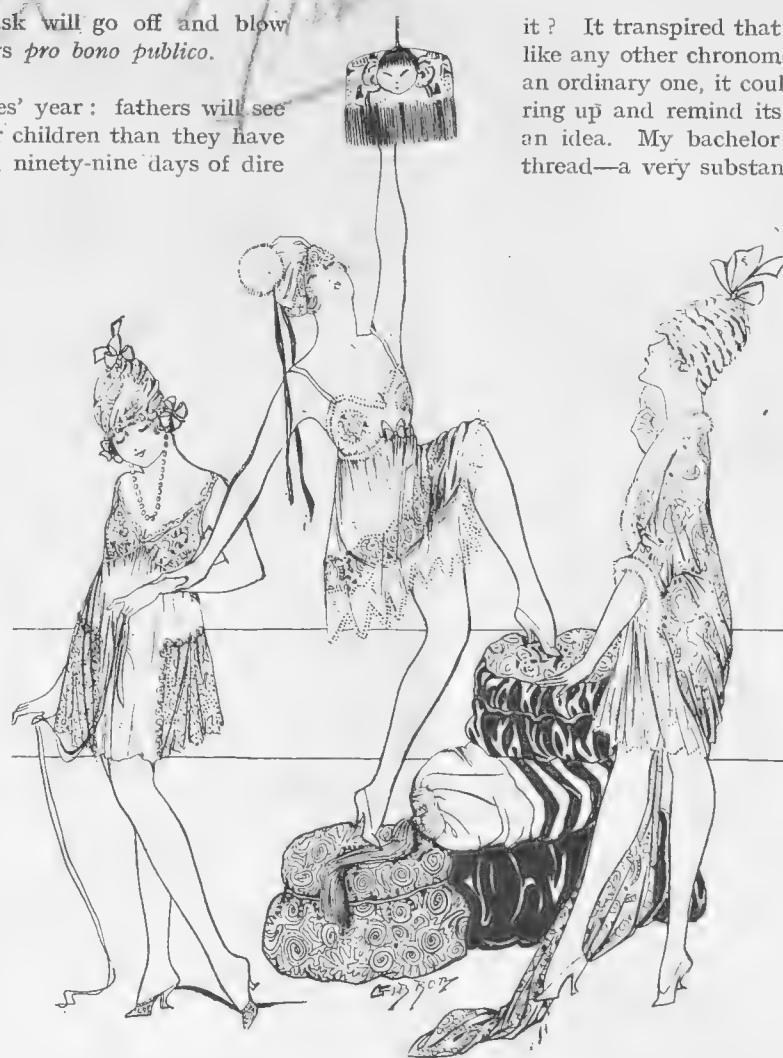
To the SECRETARY, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament).

In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £ towards the funds of your Association.

Name.....

Address.....

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and crossed "Bank of Liverpool, Ltd., Not Negotiable."



They are all very cheerful, as who would not be when wearing *crêpe-de-Chine* lingerie all trimmed with lace, to say nothing of the dressing-jacket on the extreme right, which is all white and gold, with marabout round the neck and sleeves.

it? It transpired that he possessed a watch which resided, like any other chronometer, in his waistcoat pocket; unlike an ordinary one, it could be set for any hour, when it would ring up and remind its owner of an appointment. I found an idea. My bachelor uncle, who says his life hangs on a thread—a very substantial flaxen rope, more likely—has to take tabloids at certain hours, or he believes that the thread will fray. What a gift for him—a watch to ring up his tabloids! He has got it, and he is happy; and swears by Brook and Son, 87, George Street, Edinburgh, where I told him I bought the watch for him. It does all things well, he says; keeps perfect time, and shows up the hour in the dark. Will it, I wonder, ring up to remind him who gave it to him when he is making his will?

Newsboys, of the peripatetic sort at any rate, are usually more conspicuous for lung-power than for studious propensities. No doubt there are many, however, with a taste for reading in their hours of leisure. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, it may be noted, run a quarterly paper called the *Newsboy*, for private circulation among all the boys in their employment. Its Peace - Christmas Special Number, edited by G. R. Pocklington, contains much interesting matter for young readers of the more serious type, with competitions, correspondence column, and illustrations. A paper of this kind seems to be an excellent means of promoting *esprit de corps*.

WATCHMAKERS — Estb. 1851.
SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH
LUMINOUS

ACTUAL SIZE

FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

SCREW IN SILVER CASE £4 4 0 and £5 5 0
WITH HINGED CASE .. £3 3 0

21/- Inland Postage 1/- extra, Foreign 1/- extra, including one extra bulb in lid 1/- extra, Extra batteries 1/- extra, Extra bulbs 1/- extra.

Smith's Electric Reading Lamp for the Bed.

Size of Lamp 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches.

Fine Sapphire and Brilliant Ring, £4 15 0 A fine assortment of Rings and Jewellery always in stock.

S. SMITH & SON LTD. Holders of a Royal Warrant as Watch Makers to the Admiralty, 6, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C. & 68, PICCADILLY, W.

"The Charm of the Pen"

A Perfect Fountain Pen must, like a good soldier, always answer to the call of duty. The moment the nib touches the paper, it must write instantly. There must be no shaking, no wetting the tip of the pen, and it must keep on writing page after page without refilling. All these, and many other points, are found in perfection in

The Jewel № 100 Safety Fountain Pen Patented in 12/6 all Countries

The Pen with the Big Ink Capacity

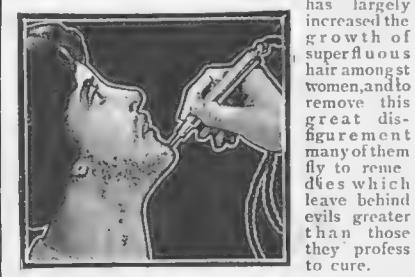
Be sure to ask for "JEWEL," № 100. It is fitted with a Solid Gold 14-carat nib, tipped with iridium, soft, hard, broad, or medium, to suit all styles of writing.

A Fitting Companion is the Super - Stylo, the "RECODER," price 10/- Obtainable at Stationers or Stores, or direct from

JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept. G), Ltd., Sole Makers and Patentees, 76, NEWGATE ST., LONDON, E.C. 1

REMOVE YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAREFULLY AND PERMANENTLY WITHOUT CAUSTIC PASTES or ELECTROLYSIS.

The question of a safe and painless way of removing superfluous hair is undoubtedly one of the most pressing in the world of women to-day. The use of massage creams, containing animal fats and other injurious complexion beautifiers,



ELECTROLYSIS LEAVES LITTLE HOLES IN THE SKIN.

Electrolysis, advocated by many as a cure for superfluous hair, invariably leaves little holes in the skin without succeeding in removing the roots of the hairs, therefore the growth continues, and the little holes made by the insertion of the electric needle remain, giving the impression of an open pore. These little holes can never be closed again and are but an added disfigurement

CAUSTIC PASTES INCREASE GROWTH.

The caustic pastes, so often sold as depilatories, far from destroying the hair, increase its growth. Just as singeing the hair makes it grow longer and thicker, so applying caustic pastes to a growth of superfluous hair makes the growth thicker and stronger, besides which there is always the very grave danger of burning the skin and thus making a scar which nothing can ever remove.

MUST DESTROY THE ROOTS.

To remove superfluous hair completely and permanently you must destroy the roots, and this novel treatment does. It does not merely burn off the hairs, leaving the roots to flourish and produce a stronger and thicker growth, but attacks the roots in such a way that it weakens the internal portion of the hair bulb or root and so completely dissolves it, making a fresh growth impossible. When using this method for the removal of a growth of hair between the eyebrows—with which some ladies are troubled—care must be taken not to allow it to touch the eyebrows themselves, as once removed by this means the hairs could never be induced to grow again.

Full particulars of this unique method for removing superfluous hair will be sent free, on receipt of stamps for postage, to Miss K. B. Firmin (Dept. 30D), 48, Dover St., London, W.1.

Perfect Features and a Beautiful Skin



are a modern necessity and essential to individual success and happiness

By a new scientific method, known as the Hystogen Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in a few minutes. The face after the treatment is years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, hollows in face and neck disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contours of your youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injection. The Hystogen method has superseded all old time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either the result of age or any other cause. One call, and you leave without a trace of the former defects on your face.

Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience. The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless, and does not leave any marks.

Ugly Frown Furrow
Mouth-to-Nose Lines
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids
Crow's Feet Wrinkles
Warts, Red Veins, Moles
Red Nose Blotches

Unsightly Noses—Saddle
Nose, Turned-up Nose, &c.
Baggy Chin
Flabby Neck
Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows
Hollow Cheeks

Imperfect Facial Contour
Sickly, Sallow Skin
Unrefined Complexion
Prominent Collar Bones
Sagging Cheeks or Face
Projecting Ears

Drooping Mouth Corners
Exaggerated Expression
Furrows
Thin Arms, Elbows and
Shoulders
Large Pores, Freckles, &c.

The Hystogen Treatment cannot be applied at home; at least one personal visit to the Institute is necessary.

Call or write for the booklet—"Facial Perfection" (sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for postage). Hours from 11 to 4. Closed Saturday afternoons.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, 17, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(near Portman Square)

Established 1907.

QUALITY

J. W. BENSON'S
LUMINOUS
ACTIVE SERVICE WATCH
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.

Silver, £3.15

Gold, £10

Others in Silver from £3.3s.

In Hunter or Half-Hunter cover. Silver, £4.10 Gold, £12.12
Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Case, Dust and Damp Proof.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

Illustrated List of Wristlet Bracelets and Pocket Watches, Rings, Jewels, &c., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

WANT OF SLEEP

is usually caused by an overwrought nervous system, and if neglected will be followed by a general "run down" condition, or even more serious trouble.

PAXIDORM
NERVE PELLETS

are introduced as a genuine remedy for this trouble. The result of many years' scientific research; they do not stupefy, but exercise a sedative action on the nerve centres, producing a healthy sleep, from which the patient awakes fresh and invigorated.

Sold only in boxes containing 12 pellets, price 2/6 per box. Sent post free with pamphlet containing full directions.

CLEVELEY'S CHEMICAL CO.,
22 & 23, Gt. Tower St., London, E.C.3

3 pellets (sufficient for one day's trial) will be sent if 3d. in stamps are enclosed to cover postage and packing and "The Sketch" is mentioned.

WE SPECIALISE
IN
BREECHES

AND GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION OR
REFUND YOUR MONEY.

We hold a good
assortment of
OFFICERS'
BEDFORD CORDS.
Smart Colourings.

From 50/- per Pair
To Measure

No matter where you are we
can send you Patterns and
Self-Measure Form with all
instructions, also measuring
Tape, and Guarantee to fit
you perfectly.

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.
(Dept. 20) 29, Gt. TITCHFIELD ST.,
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

Orisal
THE FORMULA OF A
SPECIALIST
FOR THE
TREATMENT AND
PREVENTION OF

PYORRHœA
DENTAL PASTE 2/3 per tube. MOUTH WASH 2/9 per bot.
Use in place of your present dentifrice as a preventive.
Of Chemists, or postage paid in U.K. from
ORISAL LTD., 77, George St., Portman Sq., W.1.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD
Filter
Cylinder
THE
BRITISH
BERKEFELD
FILTER
Imperial House, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

Gone at last.

For years those forty or fifty superfluous hairs had destroyed the charm of her face. Now they have been removed by Pomeroy, and the mirror shows back a face absolutely unblemished. The hairs will never grow again; they cannot, for both root and papilla have been destroyed by the experts who give the perfected Pomeroy treatment.

POMEROY
TREATMENT FOR
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.
Liverpool: 114, Bold St. (t.o.p. of Colquitt St.),
Manchester: 10, St. Ann's Sq.—Glasgow: 281,
Sauchiehall St.—Dublin: 67, Grafton St.



Capt. M.—, B.E.F., France, writes:—

"Your soles are absolutely O.K."

Col. J. B. T.—, B.E.F., France, writes:—

"In every respect they are excellent."

Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND 'HEELS

make one pair of boots
last the time of three!

They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet keep dry in wet weather. Ideal for Golf.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS

STOUT (Active Service) 5/6 per set.

LIGHT (Supply temporarily suspended owing to
enormous demand for 'STOUT') 4/-

LADIES' (Limited supply only) 3/-

With slight extra charge for fixing.

Spare Heels, Stout, 2/-; Light, 1/6; Ladies', 1/- per pair.

U.S.A. & Canadian Patents
for Sole or License.

Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. 5B), 142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.1



Fortify
your
Boots!

PULLARS
for cleaning
Household
Furnishings

Many homes, closed during the war, are being reopened, and there is now a rush to have Blinds, Cretonne & Chintz Covers, Cushions, Curtains, Quilts, Blankets, and Carpets Cleaned or Dyed.

Pullars of Perth, with their hundreds of highly-trained workers and modern plant, are equipped for handling all such orders. Orders received at any of Pullars 4000 Agencies or Branch Offices.

Return carriage paid on all
orders sent direct to—Pullars

Cleaners & Dyers
Perth

Rador
FACE POWDER

THE daintiest and most delightful Face Powders ever evolved. Have a subtle charm appealing to the discriminating. Ground to such an impalpable fineness that Nature's exquisite bloom is emulated. Economical in use—half the usual quantity produces a far finer result.

Guaranteed to contain *actual radium*, "Nature's Miracle Worker for Skin and Complexion."

In various colours and perfumes, each a triumph of perfect production. Any colour or perfume, price per large box, 5/9.

On Sale at Harrods, Selfridge's, Marshall & Snelgrove's, Barker's, D. H. Evans, Whitley's, Army and Navy Stores, and Boots, THE CHEMISTS (all Branches); and from any High-class Chemist, Hairdresser, or Store, or post free from the Manufacturers—The Rador Co., 167, Oxford St., London, W.1.

The Illustrated London News
FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C.2

OBAYO
REAL
SARDINES
The Elite of the Sea

GENERAL NOTES.

A NEW title acts as a disguise; and well known as Lord Michelham had made himself, he was still more in the public eye under his old style of Mr. Stern—he eschewed the barony conferred on him by the King of Portugal. He was a notable figure on the turf some years ago, and had been a most liberal subscriber to all war charities. In cash alone he contributed some half-a-million, while he presented the nation with Selby Abbey. But he could well afford this munificence. His English estate is believed to be in the neighbourhood of twenty millions sterling.

It is possible that somebody may burn his fingers very badly over theatrical speculation; but, for the moment, everything turns to gold in the amusement world. For London in its present mood is obviously under-theated. The immense competition for seats is no doubt due to the presence of large numbers of soldiers seeking relaxation, and to the plenitude of money in the hands of the girl population. But it is probable also that the theatre, as well as the cigarette habit, has become accentuated among the classes who have always had money and inclination for such amusement. The effect of war and crisis is commonly to quicken interest in the lighter side of life. It is a variant of the old philosophy of "eat, drink, and be merry." When we have settled down to work, and death comes only in the more usual forms, no doubt people will relapse more or less to the sober-sided mood of a few years ago—unless, indeed, they find that the habit contracted in war has become second nature.

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The GEORGE EDWARDES Musical Production.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. MATINEES TUESDAYS & SATURDAYS, at 2.

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TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30.

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"GOING UP."
JOSEPH COYNE, Mabel Green, Evelyn Laye, Maud Zimbla, Austin Melford.

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EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES TUES., WEDS., THURS., SATS., at 2.15.
"NURSE BENSON."
MARIE LÖHR. FRED KERR. LOTTIE VENNE. DAWSON MILWARD.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687) Nightly, 8. DORIS KEANE in "ROXANA."
BASIL SYDNEY. ATHENE SEYLER. Mats. Mon., Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

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FAY COMPTON, Dorothy Dix, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and
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Mr. Arthur Hesilridge has had a colossal task in preparing the new edition of "Debrett" (Dean and Son) for 1919, owing to the immense number of additions and alterations due to the war, in connection with deaths and consequent changes of inheritance, Service promotions, and a flood of new titles and decorations. "Practically every page in the book," he says, "has been altered since the last edition, while this year alone there is an increase of nearly 300 pages." He and the publishers are, indeed, to be congratulated on the fact that, despite such difficulties and the high cost of production, "Debrett" has appeared as usual each year throughout the war period. The very reasons which laid such a burden on the editorial shoulders enhance the value of this indispensable work of reference in the eyes of the public which requires such a record. One other point is to be noted, and that is the testimony afforded by the Roll of Honour in "Debrett" to the splendid patriotism of the British aristocracy.

That invaluable stand-by for biographical details regarding living notabilities, "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black), has appeared in its new edition for 1919. The familiar scarlet tome has passed its three-score years and ten, the present being the seventy-first issue; but, unlike some septuagenarians, it is going stronger than ever. It puts on a certain amount of bulk with age, but that is doubtless due to the abundant flow of the fount of honour during the war. With it comes a notice that a new work called "Who Was Who" is in active preparation, to contain biographies of people who have died between 1897 and 1916. This volume also promises to be exceedingly useful.

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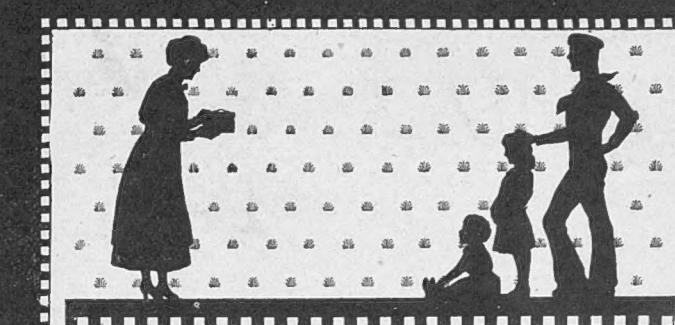
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